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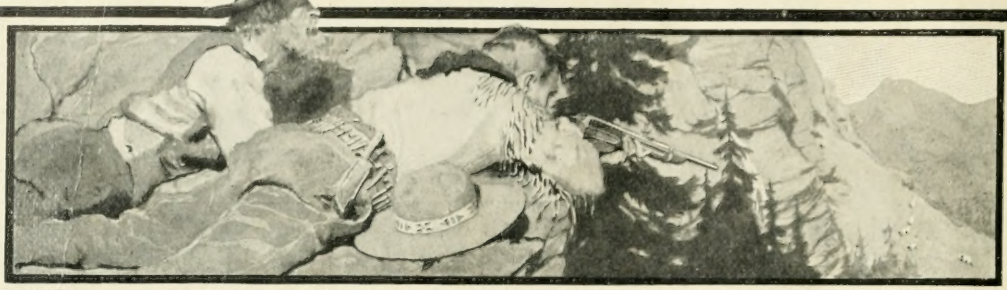

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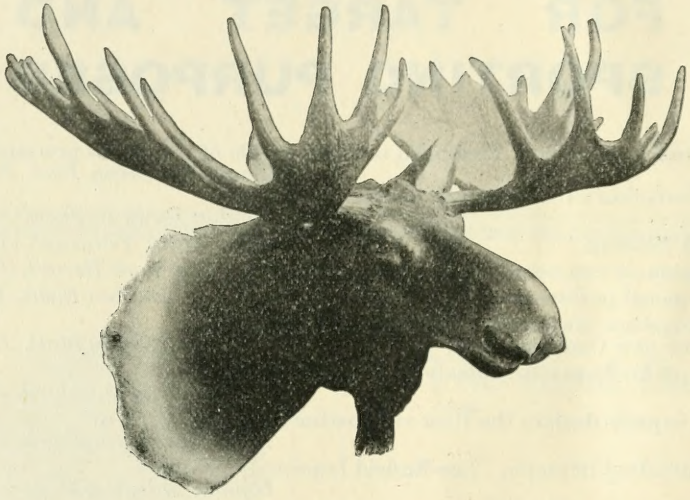

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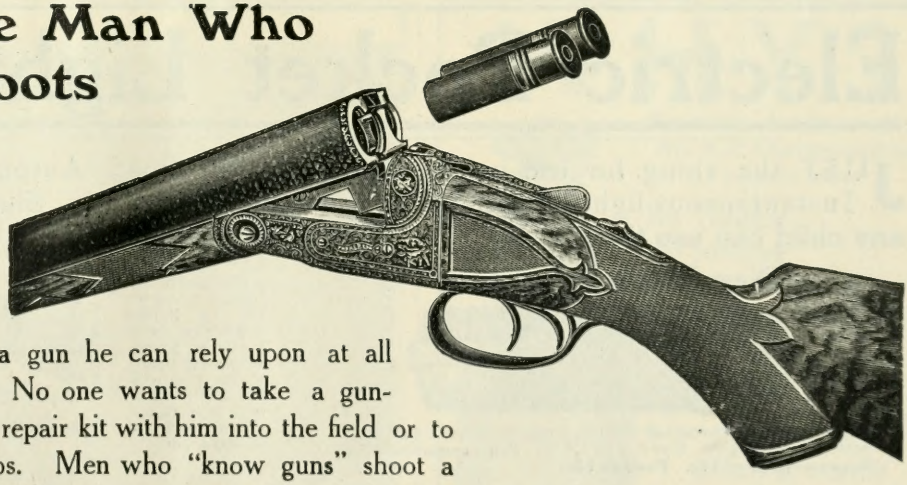

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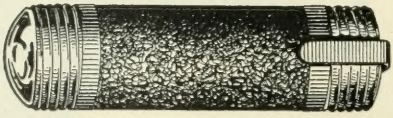

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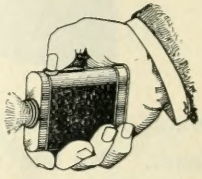

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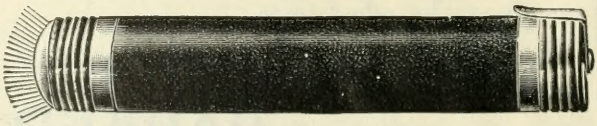

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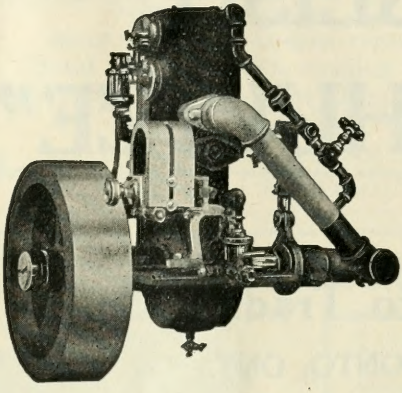

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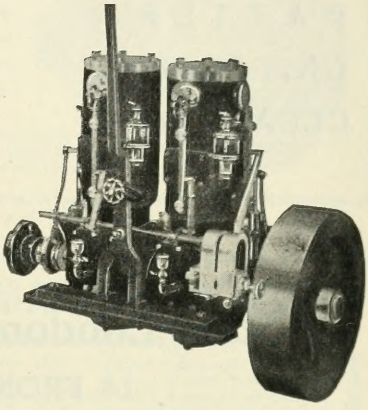

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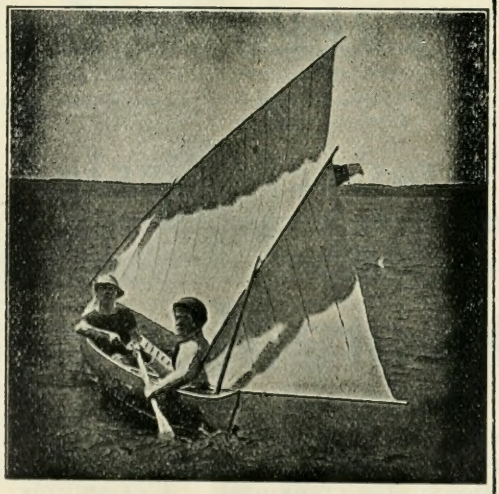

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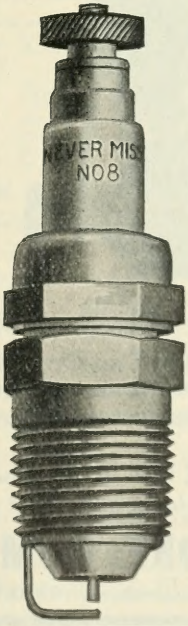

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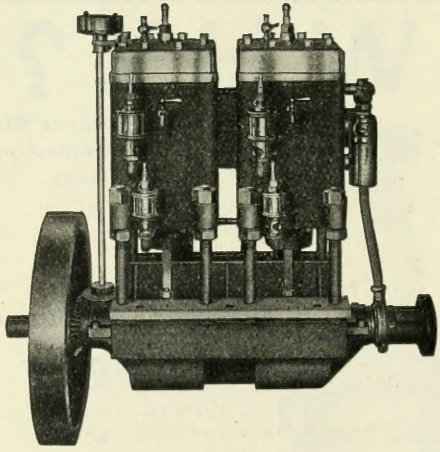

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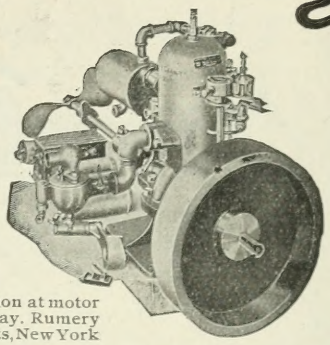

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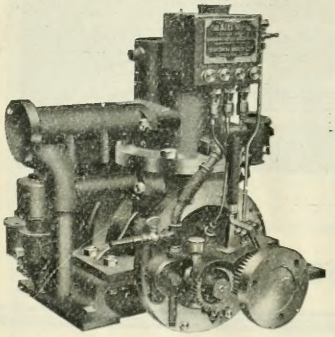

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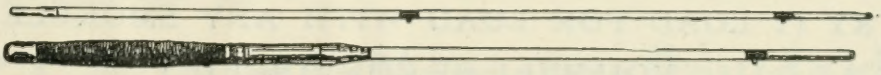

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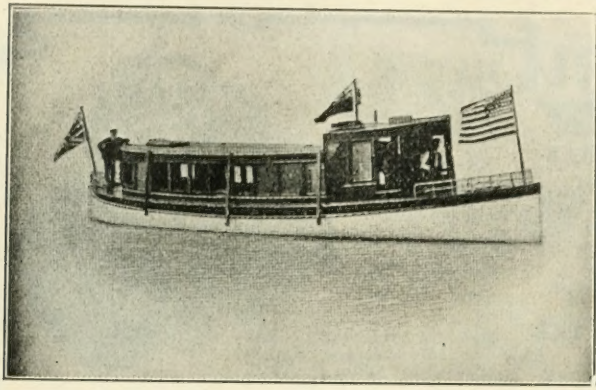

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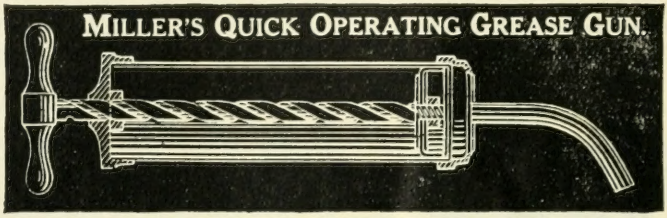

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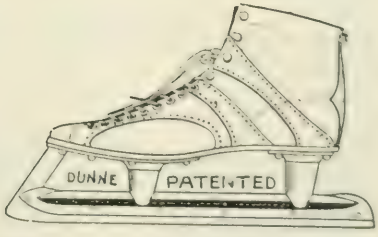

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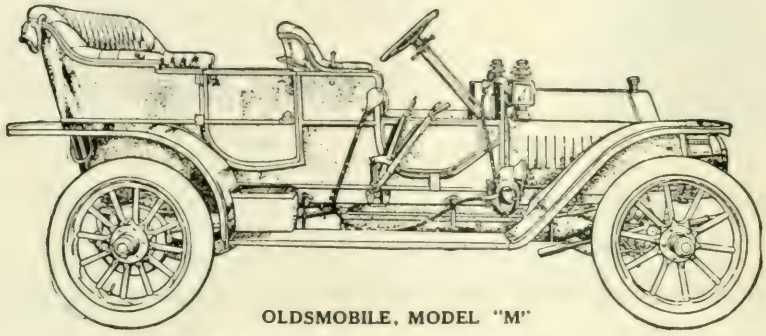

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Wheel Base	112 inches
Tread	56 inches
Seating Capacity	Five-passenger
Motor	4-cylinder
—Cylinder	4¾ x 4¾ inches
—Bearings	Parson's white brass
—Crank Shaft	Drop forged
—Valves	Cast iron head steel
—Horse Power	36 (A.L.A.M. rating)
Transmission	
—Speeds	3 forward
—Bearings	1 reverse
	Annular (Hess Bright)
—Clutch	Cone, with leather and cork insert lining
Cooling System	
—Radiator	Vertical tube
—Pump	Gear
—Water Capacity	3¾ gallons
Ignition	Jump spark
—Batteries	Storage and dry cells
—Coil	Connecticut
—Commutator	La Coste
—Magneto	Special equiptment Bosch
Carburetor	Venturi with air valve
—Gasoline Capacity	15 gallons
—Gasoline System	Gravity
—Reserve Tank	2 gallons
Brakes	
—Foot Lever	External on hubs
—Hand Lever	Internal on hubs
Springs	
—Front Type	Semi-elliptical
—Dimensions	36 x 2¼ inches
—Rear Type	Full-elliptical
—Dimensions	38 x 2¼ inches
—Shock Absorbers	Foster all around
Steering Gear	
—Type	Worm and nut
—Bearings	Phosphorus bronze
—Wheel	17 inches
Starting Gear	
—Clutch	Hook and pin
—Crank	Extended
Axles	
—Front	1-beam section (single piece
—Bearings	Timken (drop forged
—Rear	Timken
—Bearings	Timken semi-floating
Wheels	
—Front	Ten 1 5-8 inch spokes
—Rear	Twelve 1 5.8 inch spokes
Tires	
—Front	34 x 3½ inches
—Rear	34 x 4 inches
Frame	
—Type	Sub frame
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—Section	3½ x 1½ inches
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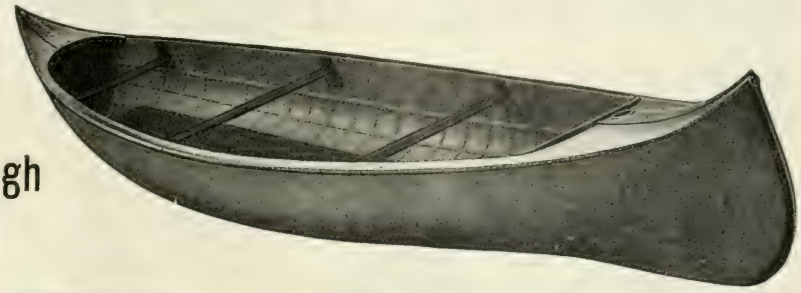

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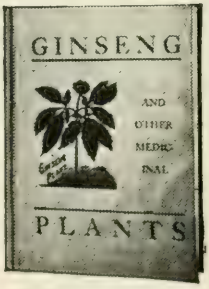

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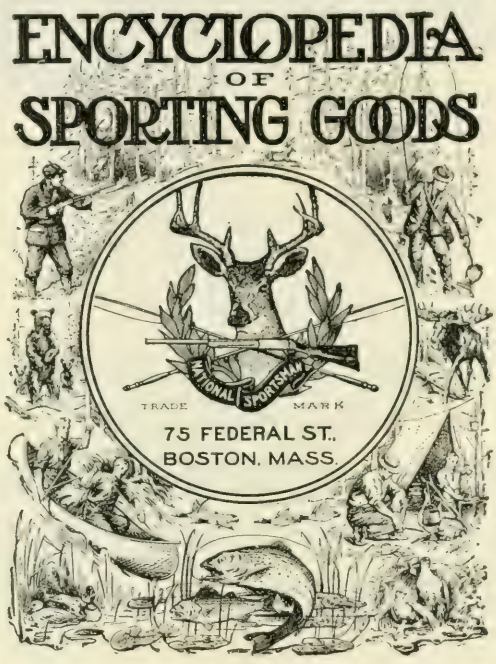

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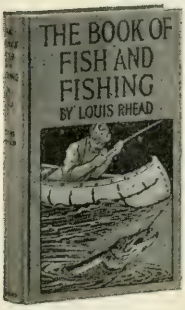

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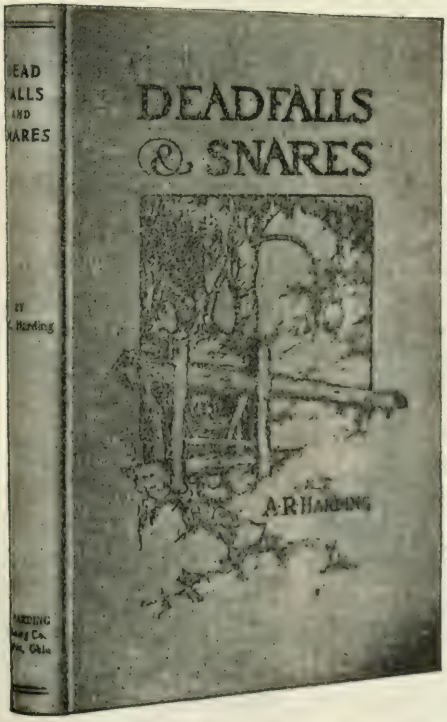

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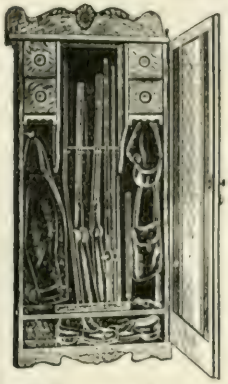

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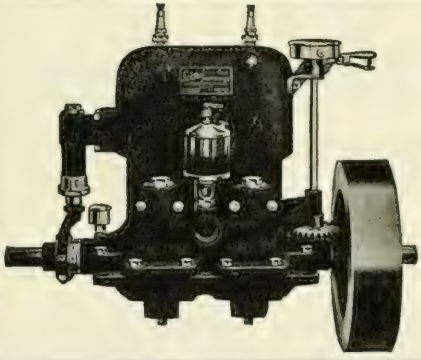

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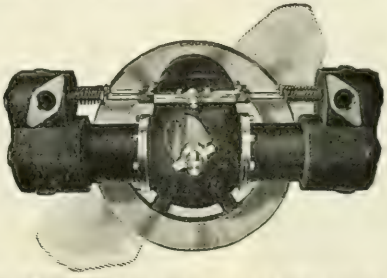

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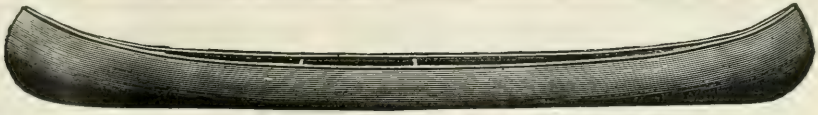

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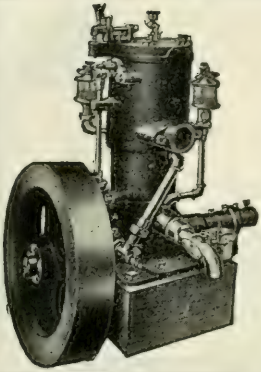

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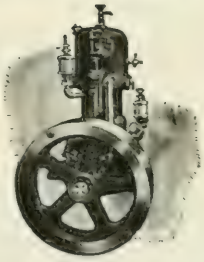

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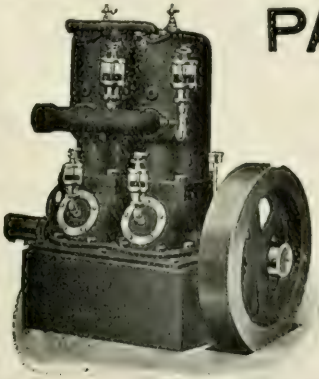

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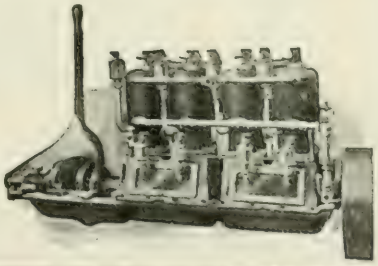

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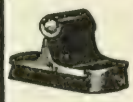

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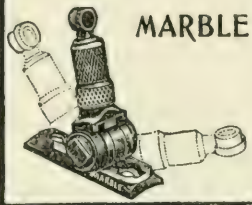

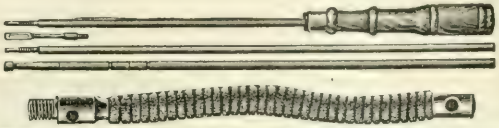

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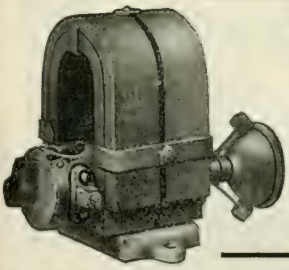

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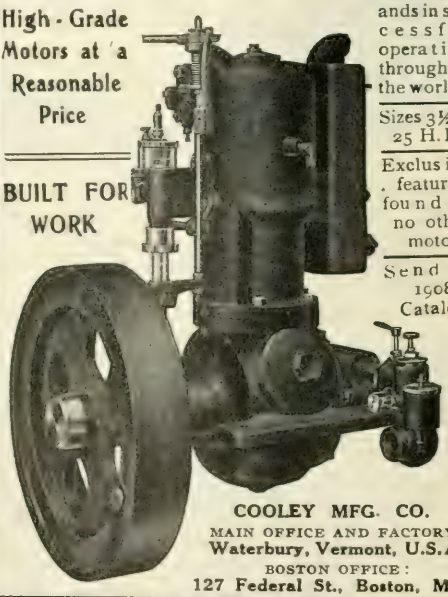

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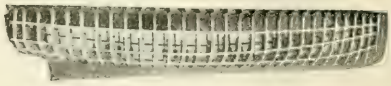

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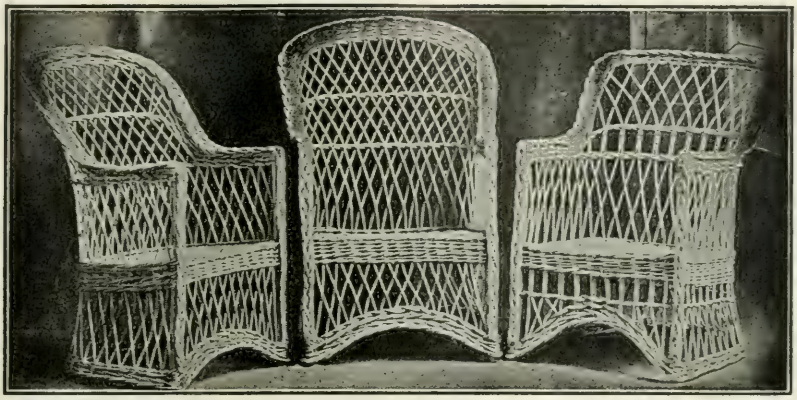

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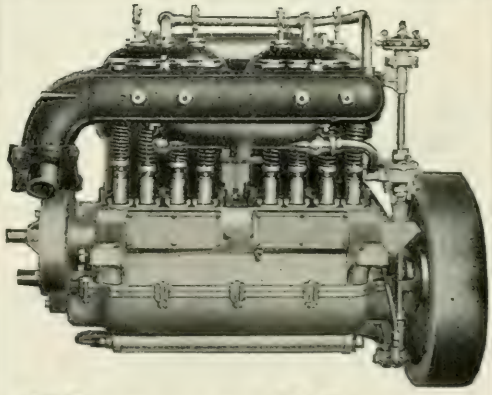

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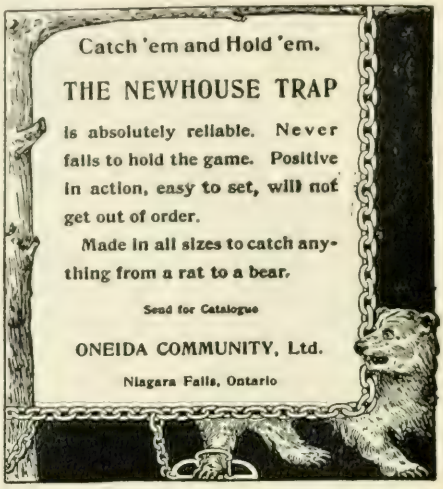

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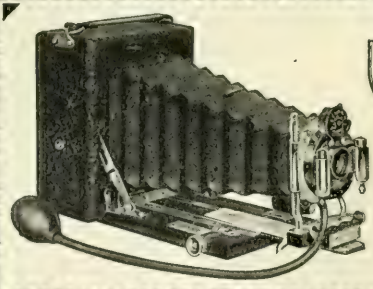

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VOL. X No. 6

Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada

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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, yachting, automobiling, the kennel, amateur photography and trapshooting will be welcomed and published if possible. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publicaiton, however.

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THE ALPINE CLUB CAMP DINING PAVILION.

ROD AND GUN
AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. 10 NOVEMBER 1908 NO. 6

Camp Le Nid.

THE members of Camp Le Nid claim that it is the most unique camping organization in the Province of Ontario, and its history in a measure justifies the claim.

In the summer of 1886, half a dozen law students in Toronto, decided to spend a few weeks of their vacation under canvas. The Bay of Quinte was reported to be a famous camping ground, and thither they decided to go. An advance guard proceeded to Belleville, secured two boats, two tents and a meagre supply of provisions, and took the first steamer down the Bay—bound they knew not where. It might be mentioned incidentally that through some unfortunate mistake the provisions were left on the wharf in Belleville and were not recovered until several days later. For twenty-five miles they scanned either shore in search of the best camping place, until they reached the mouth of Hay Bay. They disembarked at Thompson's Point, and rowed for two miles, guided by some mysterious power, and finally went ashore at Ruttan's Point, as this appeared to be a most promising location. They were here confronted with a new difficulty for the proprietor did not approve of campers upon his land. By a species of argument acquired at Osgoode Hall, he was prevailed upon to permit them to pitch their tents. In a few days the other four joined them and spent four weeks under the old oaks of this historic point. They soon began to take stock of their surroundings. Just across a small bay but two miles distant was the Village of Adolphustown, the original landing place of the United Empire Loyalists. Six miles up the Reach was the pretty town of Picton, and within sight of the camp, was the famous Lake on the Mountain. The very spot selected by them had been a favourite camping ground as far back as the days of Champlain. Hay Bay noted for its maskinonge, was within easy reach and the small bays on either side of the Point were dotted with bass bars in every direction. Only half a mile distant was a summer resort since known as Glen Island. They all pronounced those four weeks to be the pleasantest outing they had ever spent. They christened their little party Camp Le Nid. By the following

RETURNING TO CAMP FROM A FISHING EXPEDITION.

A BIT OF CAMP LE NID.

scattered among the cities and towns all the way from Seattle to New York. Three years ago, one enthusiastic honorary member from South Africa timed his visit to Canada so as to be present during the camping season, and won the distinction of travelling further than any other member to get there. The location is an ideal one. A long narrow point stretches out into the Bay of Quinte, and there are just enough trees to afford ample shade and not interfere with the refreshing breezes. A picturesque little cove affords excellent shelter for the Le Nid launch and

season they had completed their course in law, but returned to the same spot bringing with them three more of their friends. So from year to year they continued to spend four weeks in July and August upon the Point which had begun to seem like home to them, until by the year 1900 the number upon the roll had reached fifty and it was considered necessary to close the list. The membership is evenly divided between the United States and Canada. The City of Baltimore heads the list and sends eighteen members. Toronto follows next with thirteen. The others are

THE PICTURESQUE LITTLE COVE.

THE BUNGALOW AND SOME OF THE COTTAGES.

the other boats of the camp.

Four or five years ago one member erected a small cottage. This innovation was resented at first as being out of keeping with a camp, but the older members approved, and finally the tents have given way to a series of small cottages with spacious windows thrown wide open but well screened. Meals are served in a large dining hall which can be opened up on all sides. Another large building known as the Bungalow is similarly constructed and serves as a general loafing place. The officers of the camp consist of an honorary

president, a president, a chief, a secretary and an executive committee. During the camping season proper, which has remained fixed at four weeks, the entire camp is under the sole control of the Chief. His word is law, to which all must and do conform. The success of this camp is due to the fact that, up to the present time his authority has never once been challenged.

The chief outdoor amusements are swimming, boating, fishing, golf and quoits.

While no ladies are admitted to membership they are frequent visitors at Le Nid and Ladies Day is one of the regular features of Camp life. Fifteen or twenty are entertained at a time, and the dinners served by the colored chef have won more than a local reputation.

LADIES DAY AT CAMP LE NID.

A QUIET GAME OF BRIDGE.

The annual meeting is always held on the third Saturday of the season. There is very little business to be transacted and this is generally promptly disposed of. Then follows a flow of oratory upon any subject that may suggest itself to the speaker. An occasional mock trial or initiation of a new member is reserved for this event. Although the real camp is in session for only four weeks, it is customary for some one or more members at different periods during the season to spend a few days at a time with their wives and families at the Point, so that there are not many weeks during the summer season that there is not some show of life at Camp Le Nid.

After a little experience in our Camp one ceases to wonder at the enthusiasm which is marking the movement for the return to a healthy out-door life throughout Canada. A practical demonstration of the physical good obtained is worth much reading, and one speedily finds, from a short stay, that benefits flow in the shape of improved health and general enjoyment of life such as can be gained in no other way—advantges indeed which are far beyond any others that can be mentioned. The gain is immediate, and its beneficial results may be far reaching. Already some beneficial influence must be felt on the national health and this means national gain of no mean kind. This return to primitive life means therefore a fine addition to individual happiness and national well being—the former conducing to the latter.

The best of it is, too, that we can ob tain all this benefit in the most pleasurable fashion, combining both pleasure and health in the most pleasant way—a consummation surely the most to be desired. On our return we live over again in imagination the pleasant evenings spent in camp.

An Unsuccessful Deer Hunt.

BY T. W. DONTIGNY.

EARLY in the the season of 1904 two friends and myself, decided that we would have a Deer Hunt in New Ontario, in the vicinity of Pog Lake, which is situated about ten miles from Barry's Bay, on the Ottawa division of the Grand Trunk Railway.

In order to do some trout fishing, also a little general repairing on the camp, it was resolved to leave on October 22nd, so at nine-fifty a. m. we entrained for the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

Arriving at Barry's Bay at 12.20 p. m. we went over to the hotel and after partaking of a very substantial dinner, such as only John Billings the hospitable landlord can put up, we resumed our journey to the Lake, although not without considerable delay with regard to loading our cargo on the waggon.

THE CAMP : OUR OWN BUILDING

The condition of the road was simply fierce, some places being almost impassable. Large boulders were very much in evidence, as a result of which the skiff and canoe suffered severely.

It was five o'clock p. m. when we reached the foot of the lake, and darkness had already set in. Besides, a drizzling rain was falling, to add to the discomforts of the trip. After having paid the driver, and partaken of a hurriedly gotten up lunch, he turned his footsteps homeward, and the sound of the waggon crashing over the bush and rocks for which this road is famous, was quite audible.

We then pitched our tent for the night, although our intentions had been to go into camp at the head of the Lake the same evening. The rain was falling very heavily, and as we had plenty of time at our disposal we decided to wait till morning, and at eight o'clock turned into our blankets.

Next morning Eli, the oldest and most experienced hunter in the party, was up early, and when we awoke the odor of fine breakfast bacon arose from the direction of the stone fire-place, which had been temporarily arranged the previous night. A heavy vote of thanks went in favor of the cook, and we sat around the fire and ate the "breakfast of our lives". Everybody was in high spirits but we little knew the fortune which was in store for us at the upper end of the lake.

Upon examining our boat and canoe, we discovered a tear in the bottom of the birch canoe fully three inches long caused by the jar of the wagon on the rough road. Eli was equal to the task and in a few minutes had a dish on the fire containing a composition of grease and resin which is a fine remedy for leaky canoes. A piece of heavy tent canvas saturated with this substance, was placed over the dent, and it worked beautifully, not allowing a drop of water to enter the craft.

After a two hours' struggle against a heavy wind, the head of the Lake was reached, but we had still a half mile

creek to paddle ere our destination was gained. The water was deep and we got along nicely, although a little incident occurred on our way up. One of the dogs got loose somehow and before he could be prevented, plunged out of the canoe and swam to shore dragging the chain attached to his collar. However we succeeded in capturing him just as he reached the shore, the chain becoming entangled in some branches in the water.

Ten minutes later we were at our landing place about one hundred yards from the shanty. As this was my first visit to Pog Lake, I was not by any means acquainted w ith the place, and when I heard the boys shout "Here we are", my first question was, "Where is the shanty?" They assured me it was right there.

ELI AND PHIL.

We walked up to a small hill, where the long looked for camp stood. I noticed a dark look come over the countenance of the boys, but could not make it out, till at last they groaned in chorus "By all that's Holy the camp is in ashes!"

Here we were, fifteen miles from "civilization" with nothing but a tent, in which to face the cold breezes of October and November, to say nothing of the space which the provisions would occupy.

But one lucky star at least was still shining for us. A short distance from the site of the old camp, hidden by a clump of young pines, was a small camp, probably built by some lumbering firm to be used as a keep-over for supplies during the summer. The roof however was gone and the walls needed chinking, so we set to work to accomplish the task. A few days still remained till the hunting season should open, and we managed to secure a few trout with the troll, but autumn is not the proper time to secure trout by this means, so we were not disappointed with our catch.

November first at last arrived, the dogs were in the pink of condition and eager for the chase. We had no trouble in getting a start. We had but two watches so had to use our best judgment as to placing them, and we acted very prudently as was afterwards proven.

The dogs were running but twenty-five minutes when the fun began. Although I was fully two miles from Phil, I could distinctly hear, with the aid of the wind, seven shots which rang through the autumn forest. Bang-bang-bang ripped out the 32 Special Rifle, then a pause of a minute or so, then four more shots in quick succession. That sounds bad, mused I. Those shots were fired too close together to be effective and the last conclusion was the correct one as I afterwards learned

I went back to camp as only one dog was running that day, and found Eli there. We went together to meet Phil and learn of his success. We met him a short distance from camp wearing a very sedate countenance. He explained the situation, and said a cartridge had doubled, jamming the magazine of the rifle so that it was impossible to work it. "It was a fine little spike horn buck" said he, "and I played him in the water for fully twenty minutes till finally I took my oar to finish him and succeeded in knocking a piece off his nose. But a gust of wind came and blew me down the lake, the deer took advantage of this and being in a narrow place made the shore before I

could reach him."

Next day they decided to give me a trial on Phil's watch. I went down, high hearted as a king, with visions of deer booming up before me, fully resolved to do my utmost to secure one. I hadn't to wait long when a doe waltzed into the lake but kept along what I took to be the shore, but I afterwards found to be but a ridge of Beaver Bay.

I couldn't wait any longer, but got into the canoe and pushed out. My heart throbbed loud enough to be heard across the lake I'm sure. The rifle jumped in my hand, my nerves were all atremble; I'd paddle a few yards then stop to look and see where the deer was.

At last I forced her to what I thought was the shore, when to my astonishment she swam right through it. There were some large saw logs between the shore and the deer, she tried to get over them but could not. I fired, the bullet splashing the water about two feet over her head. Twice more I fired wth the same result.

By that time she managed to get free of the logs and I heard her make a few jumps, then stop. I then ran the canoe along one of the larger logs and stood up to take a look. I perceived my game standing knee deep in the marsh. Taking what I thought to be deliberate aim, but trembling awfully, I again fired with the same result, a few jumps and she was in the woods free from harm. I returned to camp feeling very blue and received all kinds of jollies from the boys. We remained a week longer but had to give up, owing to the lakes freezing; but we missed deer every day. Nevertheless though we returned home with no deer we were greatly improved in physique and health, and I'm pleased to say the following year there wasn't the slightest trace of buck fever in any of us.

A Fine Newfoundland Salmon.

THE accompanying illustration shows a twenty and a nine pound salmon caught by Mr. C. N. S. Strickland, of Halifax, on the Codroy River, on the west coast of Newfoundland, July 27. The twenty-pound fish is unusually large to be taken during the month of July, although there is a run of large fish about the middle of June.

Before proceeding to the "Codroy" Mr. Strickland, accompanied by Mr. Sydney Salter of North Sidney, was at Grandy's River, near Burgeo, on the South Coast of Newfoundland for ten days, during which time they killed twenty-one salmon.

A NEWFOUNDLAND SALMON.

The Deer of New Brunswick.

BY ADAM MOORE.

WHEN I was a boy—so many years ago that I scarce like to count up their number—the old people used to tell me of the time when deer were plentiful on the west side of the St. John River, and an occasional one was seen on the east side as well. As I listened to their stories I used to wish that I had lived in the "good old days"; never believing that I should live to see the deer more plentiful in New Brunswick than ever those old folks did.

It was in 1882 that I first read how the deer were increasing in the State of Maine, and that they were in such numbers in that State that they were crossing the border line into New Brunswick. Not one of us ever imagined however, that they would cross the St. John River to stay, if they crossed at all.

An old farmer was plowing on the east side of the river in 1888 when a deer came out to the team and gave the farmer a good chance of looking at it. In July, 1899, two deer were seen in a field near Scotch Lake, on the east side. A man who had seen deer tracks in Maine and consequently knew what they were, also declared that he had seen such tracks on the east side of the St. John. No one however believed him at that time.

In September, 1889, I saw a fine big buck near Scotch Lake where I have always made my home, and there was no mistake as to his appearance. After that, deer were frequently seen east of the St. John River, though they always returned across the river to "yard" in the winter. As soon as the first snow came, we would see lots of deer tracks all going west. The deer would "yard" a few miles west of the river, and when the snow became deep many were killed by the crust-hunters.

They were also chased so much by dogs that many of those left abandoned the west for the east side of the river. Here, in a big tract of land that had been burnt over a few years before, and was covered with a thick growth of bushes, a new "yard" was formed. Again the crust-hunters had a pic-nic, though it was not so bad for the deer as the old place had been.

For the last half score of years they have wintered in any place where there was a patch of bush, but they have steadily drifted east all the time, until now deer can be found all over the province. While I believe they are not more plentiful on the west side of the river than they were twelve years ago, the big wilderness north and east of the St. John is now covered with them, and in those districts their numbers are greatly on the increase.

Mr. Shiras, of Pittsburg, who was on a photographing trip with me last July, and who proved to be the best informed man on deer I ever had the pleasure of meeting, told me that in New Brunswick we had the most perfect deer country he had ever seen. He had no doubt at all that their numbers would so increase that in a few years they would be as plentiful in the Province as in any part of Maine at the present time. There are no wolves as in Michigan, Ontario, and Quebec, and never will be. No wolves are to be found south of the St. Lawrence river and east of Michigan. There is no danger of their crossing the St. Lawrence, and none of their coming east from Michigan through the thickly settled country between that State and the Province. I agree with Mr. Shiras in these conclusions, and was the more ready to believe in them owing to the fact that that gentleman proved to me how deep was his knowledge of the ways of both animals.

There are people who assert that there are wolves in New Brunswick, but they are labouring under a mistake. With all my experience in the woods I have had as good a chance of finding them as any one if they really existed in the Province. All I can say is that I have never seen any sign of them, and I have never met a reliable man—a man who knows what he is talking about—who has seen any sign of them either.

In the Southern part of the Province

the bob-cat or lynx kills a great many deer, but these pests are not yet any great trouble on the east side of the St. John River. The lynx are not cunning like the wolves and are easily trapped, though they are bad enough and appear to be increasing. A few years ago there was a Provincial bounty of one dollar and fifty cents on both the bay lynx and the Canada lynx, but the law was repealed.

No doubt in this step the government did what was best according to their knowledge but it has not proved satisfactory for the game.

Deer are not killed to any extent by non-resident sportsmen, and residents do not kill enough of them to make any appreciable inroad on their increase. In New Brunswick, deer are only considered as small game and they are not hunted in the same way as moose and caribou.

Plentiful as they are at present, there is no reason why they should not become more plentiful in a few years. I am sure I hope so, for they are nice little animals and I like to see them when I don't wish for any of them. It is very seldom indeed that I hunt or kill.

Many stories are heard as to the destruction deer cause amongst the crops and many farmers swear vengeance upon them for this reason. These damages however are mostly imaginary and the deer are blamed for what others have done. I know as far as I am concerned I would rather have a dozen deer in my crops than one porcupine.

Hunting these little fellows is good sport, and may their numbers never grow less! Those who know most about them must always have the best of good feeling for the deer of New Brunswick.

AFTER A FOX HUNT IN SIMCOE COUNTY.
Part of a season's catch by Samuel Draper, in the Georgian Bay region.

Our Annual Deer Hunt.

BY TENDERFOOT.

IN the narrowest part of Oxtongue Lake in Haliburton County, lies a small Island, locally called Moose Island, but by its present owners, Craghurst, joined to the mainland on either side by a corduroy bridge, on which stands a little one story log house, with plenty of sleeping room upstairs, the home of a merry party every fall during the deer hunting season. The party last fall, consisted of Major J. E. Thompson and wife, L. D. Johnson and wife and Mr. Roger Barker of Leamington, Ont.

October the thirtieth saw us board the Grand Trunk train at Windsor bound for Toronto, where, after a few hours waiting, we took another train over the same line for Huntsville, arriving in the morning about seven o'clock, and having just time for breakfast at the splendid hotel at the top of the hill near the depot, before embarking on the trim little steamer. The real pleasures of the trip begin here, for the sail through Fairy Lake, and by Canal to Peninsular Lake and on through this lake to the portage gives the traveller the pleasure of viewing the beautiful lak escenery for which this country is famous.

MRS. JOHNSON PREPARED TO WATCH THE LAKE.

At the portage we board the Huntsville, Lake of Bays, and Lake Simcoe, Limited, which whirls us at lightning like (?) speed across the portage, and lands us on the dock on the other side, after a safe journey over the shortest railroad and on the smallest train in the world. Here we are hustled aboard another steamer belonging to the same Company which takes us through part of the Lake of the Bays landing us at the pretty little town of Dwight, situated at the head of Dwight Bay where we are met by friends whom we see but once a year. These are Mrs. Asbury, her daughter and three sons who have a lovely home on the shore of the Bay. It is dinner time when we arrive at her home and usually so hungry that we make away with the good things she sets before us in short order. We are made to feel perfectly at home while there, and the time allowed us at their home is all too short.

Soon after dinner we begin loading up our outfit on Mr. Johnnie Robertson's wagon, which that genial gentleman has brought out from Oxtongue for the purpose, and we are soon on our way over ten miles of as rough a road as I ever wish to travel. There is more walking than riding done by the party on this part of the journey, the task of keeping oneself on the wagon, or in it, being too strenuous. We arrive in due time, however, at the shack, and and then it's get busy everyone to clean up the house, get the beds ready and the supper on the table. This last portion falls to the ladies and they are experts at this very necessary part of the programme. This first night finds us in our bunks early, being rather tired after the long journey.

The next morning we are up early and one of the first things we do is get the rifles unpacked and ready for service, and then after a hearty breakfast, we are ready for the woods and everything that fortune will be kind enough to send our way. Mr. Barker elects to put out the hound while the Major and I hurry to the well known runways at the head of the lake, and it is not long before Sport's voice breaks in upon the stillness and I always feel a slight chill run up and down my spine as I listen to him.

The first two days, we had no luck beyond killing a few partridges but on the third morning, af er spending a couple of hours in the rain, I just reached the house when I heard a rifle cracking away at a lively rate up at the head of the lake, and thinking it must be Roger, I decided to walk up that way. In a few minutes I met him coming along the trail seemingly in a great hurry. He told me he had shot a deer in the lake but couldn't get to it and I volunteered to go back for the boat and get it out for him. I was soon on the way up the lake in our little steel boat and had got up in the marsh at the head of it where from his description I thought to find his deer, when I was hailed from the shore and there stood Roger beside his deer; being too impatient to wait for the boat he had waded in the water which was there about three feet deep and pulled it out. It was a fine big buck and in about half an hour was hanging to a lean-to on the north side of the shack. This was considered good enough for one day, and we accordingly stayed in out of the rain and snow and were given the full particulars of Roger's first kill.

THE AUTHOR AND HIS WIFE EQUIPPED FOR TRAIL.

The next morning we decided that Father and I should cover the two runways at the head of the lake, and Mr. Barker was to put out the hound. This however, would leave the lake unwatched, and I asked my wife, who is a very enthusiastic hunter, to take the boat up to Tiny Island and watch from there, knowing full well that if a deer took to the lake anywhere near there she would be sure to get it. But I had forgotten in the hurry of departure to empty it of the water rained into it during the previous night, and as the two ladies were unable to turn it over, the intrepid hunter, armed with her Stevens 32 in high spirits and with wet feet, headed for her post. She never reached it, deciding that she would rather walk on shore than swim in the boat. She landed disgusted, about a half mile from home and left the boat for me to bring in. The hound drove the deer away from us this day, and we went home empty - handed, but far from discouraged.

Over our usual game of cards that evening, I made the boast that I would bring in a deer next day, and as luck would have it, I kept my word. About two miles from home, standing on a runway just about dusk, I sighted a deer running up the side of a hill a good two hundred yards away and managed to get in four shots before it disappeared over the brow, apparently untouched. I thought it advisable to take a look around there for some signs of blood, and was glad I did so, for not ten feet from where it went over the edge from my sight, I found it dead. It was a small buck but was in splendid condition. Anyone who has had the pleasure of dragging a hundred and fifteen pound deer for two miles can imagine how I felt on my arrival at

the shack but the greeting I received there seemed to take away most of the aches.

The next two days were uneventful, but on the third day things came the Major's way. He and I had just reached the top of the hill after a hard climb when I saw the white tail of a deer pass from view around a boulder a hundred yards away. I ran ahead for some distance then caught sight of it heading for the river. I took a hurried shot but scored a clean miss and then lost sight of it.

A few seconds later I heard father's rifle crack somewhere behind me and he called to me to hurry down to the river as he was sure he had wounded it. As the river was but two hundred to two hundred and fifty yards distant I could easily keep the deer from making the other side and getting away from us. I had not gone more than fifty yards when I suddenly came upon it dead at the edge of a tamarack swamp, into which it had probably tried to get in its endeavour to escape. It was a fairly good-sized doe and did a lot towards decorating the north end of our house.

We were a happy crowd by this time but we had no further luck until the last day when Roger, who was apparently not satisfied with one deer, had to kill another, a spike buck which the hound drove into Beetle Lake, near his stand. But, sad to relate, he thought he was on the shore of Oxtongue Lake and that he had only to drag his deer around the lake, to the right to get it home, and consequently dragged it around Beetle Lake until darkness began to settle down and he had to abandon it and get out of the woods. Judging from the time he was at it, he probably made the circuit of the lake several times. Luckily he struck a trail, and following it through the gathering darkness with difficulty, he finally came out at a camp some three miles from our shack. By this time we at home were getting anxious, knowing how far from pleasant a night in the woods must be, so I took the revolver and fired about twenty-five shots at regular intervals in the hope it would help him find his way to the house in case he was lost in reality. But after giving up hopes of seeing him that night, we heard him outside tying up the hound and we gave him a royal welcome home. Then it was we got the story, and how, after reaching the friendly camp, he secured a lantern and a man to help him, and returning to the lake brought his deer to camp.

We were all well satisfied with the outing, and our luck, and broke camp the next morning with Mr. Robertson's wagon ready to do transport duty. My mother and wife enjoyed every minute of the time we were in camp, and took fully as much interest in the hunting as the men of the party. Our appetites were simply enormous, from the time we arrived until we left ; it seemed impossible to get enough to eat, and we all felt splendid after the two weeks we spent away from work and worry. Mr. Barker kindly tells us he never spent a happier vacation.

This was our fourth fall outing in succession, spent at our Island Home, and the coming fall will make the fifth, circumstances permitting.

A thrilling story of a bear fight comes from Alaska. A hunter named Charles Royden is said to have become separated from his companions while on a fishing and hunting trip, and when making his way back to camp was attacked by a big bear. According to his story he fought the bear until utterly exhausted he lay at the animal's mercy. He remained in this position for twenty-five hours the bear renewing the attack every time he made a move. At the end of this time the bear moved off and Royden made his way back to camp. It was seven days from the time he became separated from his companions before he reached the succour awaiting him at the camp and in the meantime he had had nothing to eat but a salmon which an eagle had caught and left and which he had eagerly annexed and washed and roasted over a fire. He was removed to a hospital where it was found he had sixty-nine wounds. The wonderful endurance of the man will, the surgeons think, give him something more than a fighting chance for his life.

MR. SHADE AND HIS MOOSE HEAD.

How I Captured a Fine Moosehead in New Brunswick

A Friendly Challenge.

BY J. A. SHADE.

SOME few months ago I told in the pages of "Rod and Gun" the story of an "Unsuccessful Moose Hunt in New Brunswick." I feel sure no one who read all through the story could doubt my testimony to New Brunswick as a fine game province.

If any one did doubt I wish now to tell the story of a Successful Hunt in the same grand country. It was in the fall of 1905 that a number of us decided to spend our vacation in Canada, and New Brunswick was the portion of the Dominion selected. There were four of us in the party namely: Harry Harvout, of Toledo, O.; N. L. Curtis, Maumee, O.; A. W. McNamara, Pierceton. Ind., and myself, hailing from Piqua, O.

We travelled as direct as we could to Doaktown, and after a fourteen mile drive on October fourth, reached our guide's camp on the edge of Muzerall Lake, seventy-one miles northwest of Fredericton. Our guide was not able to accompany us from Doaktown, but he gave us the key of a cabin he owns on the shore of the lake, told us to make ourselves at home, and promised to be with us as soon as he could arrange to do so. We were accompanied by Thomas Weaver, our second guide, and we heard much from him as to the excellence of the country for hunting.

On arriving at the cabin we discovered that the wrong key had been given us by mistake. For a time we were non-pluss-

ed but one of our number, who possesses a happy knack of overcoming all kinds of difficulties incidental to camp life, produced some tools and by sawing a piece out of the door, procured us admission. We speedily built a fire and two hours after our team arrived, had things all snug. Supper had been prepared—a large dish of good old murphies such as only the soil of New Brunswick can produce, a kettle of boiled rice accompanied by bread and butter and excellent coffee. Our long journey and exertions gave us excellent appetites and we demolished the camp fare with a relish.

Although we did not retire till late, being excited over our first night in the woods, we were all astir at daylight. We counted no less than ten moose in the lake, and as one of the party secured a nice one we had a plentiful supply of moose meat. Our breakfast consisted of bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, bread and butter and coffee.

The teamster who brought us in the night before was returning to Doaktown, and I rode back with him for four miles to a good trout stream. I failed, however, to locate a pool where the water was deep enough to prevent the fish from seeing me. I went up the bluff to return to the wagon trail from which I had wandered about a mile when I came across as fine a blueberry patch as one could wish to find. I simply camped down right there and took in a full supply. Returning on the trail I found another and smaller trout stream, and succeeded, fishing from the bank, in capturing two fine speckled beauties. They were as wary as a bull moose, but I think if I had had boots I could have caught more. They were taken to camp, cleaned and fried, and we had our first taste of brook trout.

We arranged to have two meals per day in camp—taking our lunch wherever we might happen to be at the noon hour. After supper we went to the edge of the lake and with the aid of two powerful glasses watched the moose feeding on the lily pads. We saw some dozen or so engaged in this way, and judging from the noise they made splashing around there must have been a dozen or more further back. Muzerall Lake is a shallow body of water from one and a half to two miles long, about three-quarters of a mile wide at its widest part, and from one to three feet deep, except the upper end where it is eight or ten feet deep. The bottom is rocky but the soil washed in from the shores grows a certain lily of which the moose are exceedingly fond, and to procure which they will go for many miles around. With watching the moose for an hour or more we were quite chilled, and we were glad to get back to camp, make a good fire and warm ourselves up.

On that evening and other evenings, we enjoyed card playing. No gambling is allowed in camp but to make the game interesting we take in one hundred large Canadian pennies. The one who can clean up the crowd is allowed to do all the crowing that evening. On the other hand the unfortunate one who has to borrow gets the hot end of it. Of course the next evening he may be fortunate, and able to get back at those who guyed him. We find this arrangement makes our evenings pass pleasantly, and does not interfere materially with discussions on the events of the day.

One evening whilst we were watching the moose, Guide Weaver and McNamara took the boat, and crossing the lake hid themselves in the bush, their object being to see if they could pick out a good head. The moon being only in first quarter the light was not strong enough for the purpose. McNamara got a fine head two years before but he wished to get a better one to show to the boys at home.

I am likewise wishful to get a good head, like Harvout did two years ago. That gentleman will have his work cut out to beat his performance of that time, but McNamara and myself not having prize winners at home, need not be so particular.

After a stormy night the morning broke calm and cool. We had a fine breakfast and Harvout and guide Weaver set off for a day's hunt. While Mac and Curtis washed up the dishes I chopped the wood and when they went off I cleaned up the cabin and aired the bedding. I was waiting for guide Doak with my mail and resolved as soon as he appeared to cut fresh boughs for the beds. We were the first

party in camp and no new boughs had been cut for the season. Finishing all my work I hunted up a fresh cigar and had a pleasant commune with Nature while awaiting Doak's appearance.

There is a very remarkable thing about Muzerall Lake. The whole lake is surrounded by an embankment about ten to twenty feet from the water, from four to six feet across and four to six feet high. It is made up of yellow sand and if the brush were all cleared off, six men could walk abreast around it. There it no sand like it anywhere in the immediate neighborhood so far as the natives know. The whole appearance of this embankment is a mystery and would appear to be well worth the attention of some scientist.

Guide Doak arrived, and the hunters returned but without success, though we had a jolly evening. Sunday was a quiet day, but being out in the back woods we caught a few fresh brook trout for supper.

Every evening the marshes and the edges of the lake swarmed with thousands of ducks and if only some one had had a double barrel shot gun we could have obtained plenty of duck food.

On Monday we were all out early, intent on a full day's hunt. The net result was that I killed a porcupine, and Curtis shot at a fox and missed. I saw a pheasant, two hawks and one deer, but as it was getting dark and we only heard him jump, there was no chance of a shot.

One of the unpleasant incidents of camp life happened on this day. Some four-legged marauders broke into our bread, butter and eggs which we kept outside, and did much damage. On gathering up the remnants we found sufficient to enable us to do business for a few days longer.

With frost sufficient to form an ice on the water so that one had to break it for a morning wash, the air on Tuesday morning was bracing and healthy. While the others went for an early hunt Doak and I got up sufficient wood to last for a few days, cleaned up the place and got ready for a scout.

THE MOOSE HEAD.

All we managed to secure were two ruffed grouse. After supper we tried to call up moose and failed.

Later on guide Weaver was successful and Harvout shot the animal. He did not get a good view of its head before shooting and found afterwards that he

had shot a very poor specimen— the moose being only a two year old with a very small head. We were all sorry as he was a rattling good fellow, and we wished him to get a better head than he had obtained before. However, it gave us plenty of moose meat for our camp.

A very heavy frost with the ground frozen was the condition of things when we arose on Wednesday morning, with prospects of rain or snow. Waiting for a messenger with mail kept me in the greater part of the day and it was after sundown when we went down the lake and located ourselves. Doak called but none came that suited, and we returned to camp nearly frozen.

Three shots were heard later on and MacNamara and guide Weaver came in, telling us that Mac had his moose. He said it didn't suit him but he thought it better than none, and as it was a good chance such as might not come again, he took it. This made the third moose obtained in the party, and I began to wonder whether my turn would come. The boys tried hard to save their meat but despite all care Curtis had to be content with head and hide.

There are drawbacks, as we discovered, to hunting moose in New Brunswick. If one visits the province in the calling season one is almost sure of procuring a moose with very little trouble. All that is necessary is to watch the lake in the early mornings or evenings. In windy weather they will not venture out of the bushes, but on a clear calm day they will do so. On such occasions they can be seen in all directions splashing and feeding. While the early season is more favorable for seeing the game, the chances for saving the meat are not so good. From the middle of October to the middle of November a hunter may be just as fortunate seeing game and then he will be able to save his meat. Unless the hunter is fortunate however, it is ten times harder to hunt moose in the bush. than to call them up. Unless a snow comes, and that snow not too deep, the hunter has pretty hard work before him if he does not happen on his game at once. I am in favor of October twentieth and the first snow being due at the end of the month gives the hunter a good chance.

In the morning while I was engaged in these reflections I had a good chance at a moose but as he had no better head that those possessed by the other boys, and not so good as one I had at home, I allowed him to pass. At noon we received our first mail from home. The messenger was delayed on account of the fair—a great local event which no one willingly misses.

On Friday Doak and I went on a tramp through the woods. As far as big game was concerned the hunt was fruitless. We only saw three ruffed grouse. I got a shot at one but missed. No wonder for as one only aims at their heads the target is small for a rifle shot.

When we reached camp we found that my companions were absent, a note on the table informing us that they had gone to Caine's River for a three day's cruise after deer and caribou. After supper we rowed to the end of the lake on a moose calling expedition, but the wind rising caused our return, as nothing in that line can be done unless it is calm. We agreed to divide the night into watches for the purpose of watching the weather. As my turn of duty came first I occupied my time in writing up my diary and boiling moose meat, the latter with the idea of making a good moose pot pie for a change. I also cooked the supper which the guide pronounced very good and which I thought not at all bad, although I had done no cooking for anyone but my self for two years.

When the boys returned, we heard that Harvout and McNamara had each succeed in procuring caribou, the former's having a magnificent pair of antlers, and the latter also a fine head. Curtis was the unfortunate one. Guide Weaver said that in all his forty years' experience he had never seen such good success in one day and but for an unfortunate incident Curtis would have succeeded as well.

On Sunday we all removed across Caine's River in order to be on the caribou grounds early on Monday. We expected to find a cabin but couldn't discover it and so had to build a lean-to of cedar boughs. Guide Doak and I slept outside and this was my first experience in this line. The night was calm and not

too cold so that the experience was enjoyable though in the morning I found myself rather stiff from lying on the bare ground. A good rousing fire was maintained all night and we sat up late exchanging yarns. No doubt the guides thought some of the questions I put to them rather foolish but they led to a good deal of information which proved to be of great interest to us.

On Monday night we returned to our camp after a hard day's tramp having met with no success. All we saw was one doe and as we had plenty of meat and the distance from camp was considerable we allowed her to go. We watched her for ten minutes and saw her go to the water, take a drink, look up and down the river and finally walk into the bush. Every moment we expected to see a buck join her but were disappointed.

The hunt was continued on the following day without results, and on Wednesday, October seventeenth, my companions broke camp and with guide Weaver departed for Doaktown. When the "good-byes" were said, I felt rather blue and lonesome. To cheer ourselves up Doak and I had another long hunt, and with failure the blue feeling grew stronger than ever. An added measure of discontent was a day and night of rain and storm, and on the following morning the rain was still falling. My spirits were falling to zero but were again raised by news from home brought in by the guide's son.

Just before dusk the guide and his son crossed the lake and succeeded in calling up a monster. They fired six shots at him and on their return to supper which I had again prepared, told me they thought they had him as they could not hear him leave the water.

Early in the morning, to our great surprise we saw the moose feeding quietly about one hundred yards west of the position where he had been fired at the previous evening. Every now and then he would look across the lake as much as to say. "Now, boys, come on, I am waiting to clean you up as I have many a bull moose." The guide held that my chance had at last come. A well directed shot at two hundred and fifty yards went home. He jumped almost his entire length out of the water and started to run. The guide and I pumped nine more shots after him but not one touched him. He only ran a few yards when he fell dead, my first shot as we afterwards discovered, going clean through his heart. On examining him my joy was great. We discovered that I had landed the biggest head procured in that locality during the season—fifty-five inches spread and twenty seven points. The one procured by Curtis had a spread of forty-two, MacNamara's thirty-eight and Harvout's thirty two. Mine was also three inches wider than Harvout's head procured three years ago.

After skinning and quartering him we loaded him on a wagon and I started the same afternoon for Doaktown, reaching the settlement about half past six in the evening. The whole population turned out to see the largest head brought in during the season, and I was the recipient of many congratulations. I left the head, hide and meat with Mr. Walthem, the village teacher, and he undertook to prepare them so I that might take them home.

A good night's rest at the hotel rendered me fit for further efforts, and I returned to camp on the Friday, intending to remain till the following Tuesday, hunting in the meantime for caribou. In this quest I was not successful, and on arriving at Doaktown determined to make one further effort in the same cause. Hiring a horse and buggy I drove out five miles south, saw some fine country and had a hard day's trip. As far as big game was concerned, the hunt was fruitless but the day was not without its pleasant experiences. I visited Devil's Lake and was on Devil's Back, a long, sharp, high ridge of land near the lake. The name interested me but all inquiries as to its origin seemed to be clouded in mystery—at any rate I was unable to get any satisfactory explanation of the same. After all, I felt that my efforts had not been without reward and I returned home well pleased with my experiences in the wilds of beautiful New Brunswick.

When we meet and talk over our experiences, my companions and I agree that Muzerall Lake is the centre of the best moose grounds in New Brunswick. In fourteen days we saw no less than one hundred of these animals. The lake is about fifteen miles north of Doaktown and we only found one guide who could take us to it.

Harvout's caribou head has span of forty-five inches and sixteen points.

My moose head has a spread of sixty-inches and twenty-seven points, with six points on one forebrow and four points on the other. Mr. Emack, the taxidermist of Fredericton, who has been mounting heads for many years, says he never saw such a head before. It is without doubt one of the most remarkable heads on record.

Who has the longest set of moose antlers in the world has long been a moot point. Some years ago a set of moose antlers from Alaska, mounted in Bangor, Me. attracted great attention. They had a spread of seventy-four inches, but like most Alaska antlers they were ragged and unsymmetrical. The most handsome antlers are seldom widespread and those of remarkable spread are seldom handsome. A set owned by Norman Merriman, of New York, a member of the Calinal Club, was said to be the second largest in the world. These were sixty-two inches. A set owned by King Edward, presented to him when, as Prince of Wales, he visited Canada, are said to have a spread of more than seventy-four inches. Several sets have been mounted in Bangor with spreads of seventy-four inches but all came from Alaska and none of them were handsome.

At the time at which I am writing the New Brunswich record, as far as was known, was sixty-six and the Maine record sixty-two.

The largest and most handsome set of moose antlers of which there is definite knowledge is that owned by Charles B. Hazeltine of Belfast, the official measurements of which were taken at the New York Sportsmen's Exposition in 1895 and which are given as :—girth, eight and a half inches; length, forty-one; palmation, forty-one and a half by twenty-one and a half, spread sixty-one. The spread of a set of antlers does not necessarily indicate their size or establish their worth, as measuring antlers is an arbitrary proceeding. The Hazeltine set for instance, while measuring only sixty-one inch spread are seventy-two convex measurment and their beauty and value are in their great width of blade and their twenty nine points.

This will also apply to my own head for while it only measures sixty inches it has twenty-seven points, and with ten forebrow points it is in all probability as remarkable a head as was ever captured. The weight of the moose was judged by the guide to be one thousand pounds. The measurement from nose to tail was seven feet, six inches and the girth six feet seven inches. When all these points are taken into consideration I believe I hold the champion head. At any rate I have a most remarkable head, and should like to hear from any who believes that he possesses a better one. While not the largest it is one of beautiful symmetry and is remarkable in its possession of ten fine brow points.

Many conflicting statements have been made about the one possessed by King Edward, and some years ago Mr. Hazeltine, of Belfast, Me., wrote to the Prince, as he then was, enclosing a photograph of his set and making enquiries as to the exact size of the Royal trophy. A polite answer of thanks was sent but no information was given as to the measurements of the antlers.

Since the above was written I have read with the deepest interest the account given by Dr. W. L. Munro of his record breaking hunt that appeared in the June number of "Rod and Gun". Whilst heartily congratulating the Doctor I am of opinion, from the details he gives, that my head still retains its proud position of championship when every point is taken into consideration, and my friendly challenge still holds good. I am ready to be convinced by any good brother sportsman and if I am beaten I shall concede the point at once, though, as my own trophy, captured as the result of much hard work and perseverance, I shall still highly value my own head.

My Experience as a "Bear Hunter."

BY R. D. HENZEL M. D.

THIS is the story of an "amateur hunter," and when I say "amateur," I presume I was as "raw" an amateur as ever "toted" a gun in to the woods. I knew which end of the gun was the business end, and was instructed how to load it; I knew that the compass pointed north, but had never used one, and had no idea of "land marks."

I was a city man having lived all my life in a city, and never was in the woods before, and never spent any time talking to hunters; consequently I knew next to nothing about the woods and camps. However I was very fortunate in knowing a man who was a past-master of hunting and wood-craft, and he took pity on me one fall and invited me to be one of his party in a hunting expedition to the north. This man's name was Charles Gillette, a big strong, husky, good humored, athletic "fat man" with a big bass voice, which he could modulate from a roar which could be heard a mile or more, to a softly entrancing baritone fit for a baby's lullaby, (and many an evening have I spent in camp listening to him singing some sweet old song.)

Gillette's camp outfit was the most complete I have ever seen and since then I have seen many. It included all the necessary articles for an extended sojourn in the woods, and in addition, many of the things thought unnecessary by the old-time hunter, who seems to make his camp as cheerless a place as possible, and fit only for a sleeping place at night. Gilette made his camp a "home" in the woods, and one which the weary hunter would welcome on his return in the late afternnon, when he is so tired that he can hardly put one foot before the other. It was transported from the city to the little station in the north by rail, and from there to the woods by a farmer's team, "so why not make yourselves comfortable," friend Gillette would say.

The only preparation necessary for myself on this trip, was warm clothing, and a gun; the outfit of Gillette's was ample for all my needs. On the advice of my friend, I bought a 30-30 Savage Rifle, as the best all round gun for our trip. This with my extra clothing was packed with the rest, and we started for the north. We arrived early the next morning in as God-forsaken a little town as I have ever seen, had breakfast, hired a farmer to load our camp duffle and departed on top of the load, twenty-two miles into the interior. This was my very first trip into the woods, and I thought after a few miles that we must soon be coming to the end of it, but soon found out what a "big woods" really is.

We camped on the bank of a stream, which notwithstanding the fact that the thermometer was registering eight degrees below zero, and that there was about a foot of snow on the ground, was rippling over the rocks as noisily as in summer. This stream I afterwards found out contained speckled trout in abundance. It also furnished us with our drinking water, and it was the best water I have ever drunk. Some belated cedar ties were floating down the stream, and we "snaked" out about a dozen for use as a foundation for the bed. We cleared away the snow, pitched the tent, hauled in our ties, laid them down in the rear, and having bought a bale of straw in the town we opened it and spread it thickly over the ties, covering that with the heavy blankets. The next thing was the camp stove. This was made of heavy boiler iron, and was collapsible. It was set up near the entrance with the pipe running through an opening; this stove was a seven-day-wonder, for with it you could heat the tent to an unbearable temperature in weather thirty degrees below zero, and with the right kind of wood, the fire would last for two days in it. Our valuables, such as extra guns, books, magazines, clothing, ammunition, medicines and the always present deck of cards, were locked in a double bicycle trunk, which stood at the back of the tent, and while it was very spacious, it

occupied very little of the valuable tent space; the front of the trunk folded down, and was handy as a book shelf. The provisions were carried in a good sized box, the lid of which could be locked, and it stood just outside the door. The tent was brilliantly lighted at night by a calcium carbide lamp, ten pounds of carbide lasting the entire month, so that reading was a pleasure at night.

Before night we had our camp well "made" and after a hearty supper we retired early for a good night's rest, preparatory to a long hard day in the woods. The provision box was left open that night, and part of our store, two slabs of "Extra A" bacon, was the only meat carried into camp, of course depending on venison for our fresh supply. The guns were not unpacked, being left at the bottom of the trunk. During the night I was awakened by a soft grunting sound which I at once knew was not the sound produced by a snoring sleeper, and I awakened Gillette. He listened to the sound a moment and then said softly "There goes our bacon !" Sure enough we had lost it, for the noise was produced by a bear, who had smelled the meat and had been attracted to it. There we lay, I not daring to breathe, for I was filled with an unknown fear that I had never experienced before, and friend Gillette powerless to save his bacon because of our thoughtlessness in not unpacking the guns. However, we were up before daylight, had breakfast without meat, and with our artillery were ready to hunt down the thief who had dared to steal our grub in the night.

Our party consisted of four men, Gillette, Chas. Fox, John Van Sipe and myself. We waited until daylight and then looked for the tracks of the bear, which we had no difficulty in finding, and they led directly to the river. The bear had entered the river but we could not find where he had come out, so after a short conference we decided to divide into parties and patrol the river on the both sides up and down. Chas. Fox, a compass and some instructions concerning the fact that the road we had entered camp by ran east and west, fell to my lot. It would be well to explain that Fox was also an amateur in the "big woods," this being his first experience of gun toting. Our instructions had been that when either party found the track of the bear one shot was to be fired, to call back the other party so that all could be "in" on the hunt.

Fox and I must have followed the tortuous trail of the stream more than a mile in the uncertain light of the early morning without seeing anything that could be taken for a bear track, when I called a halt for the purpose of "reasoning it out." We reasoned that the bear would not stick to the stream for over a mile, and that we had evidently missed his track somewhere, and perhaps he went down stream anyway, so we decided to strike off on our own "hook" for a hunt and surprise our friends by our return laden with game of some kind. To our left was an old deserted tote road from some lumber camp, and we started down it as it offered better footing than the unbroken woods through which we had been walking. The light was becoming stronger all the while and after going some three hundred yards I suddenly saw a track of some animal which had crossed the trail. We examined the track closely and tried to remember what a bear track looked like, and finally decided that the track was "our bear" and that he had our bacon. Simultaneously we suggested that there would be no combined hunt that day, but that we would "get" this bear alone and unassisted thereby becoming the camp heroes. Without hesitation we started on the trail of "his bearship" and he led us a merry chase indeed. Through the deep snow that bear went on a seemingly endless journey. Wherever there was a rise of ground the bear went straight over the top, no matter how high the hill might be he went to the extreme top and down the other side. The country around was composed of both high lands and low lands with large numbers of cedar swamps between, and believe me, this bear went through the centre of every swamp within a radius of ten miles,and so did we, crawling on our stomachs, twisting and wriggling through with great effort but always with the track of the "giant" bear, (for we had decided that

only a bear of the largest size could make such a big track) elusively calling us onward, and ever onward up hill and down dale through cedar swamps and prickly briars, and always stretching on in the undefinable distance. His main amusement, aside from the swamps was walking along fallen trees, and scratching his back against stumps, and the upturned roots of trees.

We had followed the track since daylight, and at twelve we called a halt and talked it over. We had started with good breakfasts, but nothing in our pockets to eat, and at noon we were very hungry indeed, also tired and leg-weary, for the walking was new to us and very difficult. Soon after finding our track in the morning, and under the stimulating influence of a good breakfast, we decided that under no circumstances would we give up that track until we had come face to face with the maker. After eight hours of stumbling along over the ground through the snow, and over partly covered logs, I was ready to acknowledge that the bear was a better traveller in his native woods than I ; however I was game, and if there was to be any deserting the trail, the suggestion must come from my partner first. He did not offer the suggestion, but he looked as though he would like to, so we took up a couple of notches in our belts, called it dinner and went forward again. We examined the track repeatedly, not for any reason however, save to find out if it was becoming any fresher, and to see how much, if any, we had gained on the bear. We decided that we were very close now and might come up with him at any minute so the guns were carried at full cock, and we were on the alert every moment. We soon came to another of those seemingly endless swamps and with no hesitation started in. After going about one hundred feet we heard the bush crackling ahead,and I, at least, began to tremble. Soon we came to a slightly open place, Fox ahead, myself about three feet behind when suddenly fifteen feet ahead an enormous black bear reared up on his hind legs, and looked us over. I was too frightened to speak, but I could notice great agitation of Fox's arms as he tried to get his gun up to shooting position. I made no effort to raise my gun to my shoulder to shoot but attempted to shoot while holding the gun low in my hands. I tried with all the strength I had to pull the trigger but could not, as my arms seemed paralyzed. And it was only after what seemed an hour that I discovered that my gun was pointed at Fox's kidneys, and that it was only through the intervention of a very bad case of "fever" that I had not killed my pal.

I tried to quiet my nervousness, with some success, for I began to see that the "bear"was not what he appeared to be, and winking my eyes several times to be sure I said in a low voice, "It's a stump Charley !" Then my knees suddenly became weak from "long walking" and I sat down in the snow. Fox was seized with a fit of trembling, which soon ended in vomiting, and he was as sick a man as I have seen in ten years' practice. I also felt the nausea, but soon recovered from it, and in half an hour we were ready to try again. This stump did not require any great stretch of imagination to be conjured into a bear, and especially when you were expecting to meet one at any instant.

After resting for a while we made our way slowly out of the swamp and up on to the high country again, where we regained our courage. We walked on for a mile or more and then occurred the most disheartening thing that may befall a hunter who is trailing game. In the open country to which we were now coming we saw the tracks of two other hunters approaching our bear track at right angles to us. We saw how they had examined the track, and finally how they had started on to follow it as we had been doing since early morning. Fox and I were ready to quit, but remembering our resolution we started on again, following our bear who was being pursued by two fresh hunters.

After trailing the three of them for half an hour or so, we heard away off in the distance the long drawn-out wail of the lumber-jack, "Hal-o--o." Instinctively we answered him, and looking off to the right we saw on an old road a brightly dressed lumber jack, who called to us, when near, and asked "Trailin' Bar ?" We assented and were informed

that we could come up to the bear by following the track, but that it would be much quicker for us if we would take the old road he was on, as it led directly to the camp where he worked, and where the bear had been hung up since the day before, having been killed by some of the woodsmen who were out in search of fresh meat for the camp. You can easily imagine our chagrin when we found that we had been following a bear track made by an animal which had been killed twelve hours before we had started from camp!

We received some refreshment, along with a lot of good natured bantering, and some really valuable information concerning tracks for future use, and after learning from the foreman that the compass not only pointed north, but that by picking out a tree in line, and going to it, then another, and another we could get back to camp in the shortest time. We had previously decided that the "back-track" was good enough for us, even though it did lead through swamps and over the highest hills. We came across many deer tracks, on the way home, but they had no attraction for us for we had had all the tracking we wanted that day. After a great deal of struggling along over the new ground, carrying guns that were marvels of lightness that morning, but which now must have weighed at least fifty pounds, and with shoulders as sore as a boil, leg-weary and dead tired, we finally reached camp at half past seven and "some hungry." I will never forget the venison, baked potatoes, clay roasted partridge, coffee with cream and good bread and butter that Gillette handed to me as I lay almost exhausted in bed, for I was too tired to sit up to eat.

It is needless to add that neither Fox nor I left camp the next day, but stayed there resting our sore bodies, and incidentally getting some valuable information about hunting in general, and bear hunting in particular, from Gillette.

WIRE FENCE KILLED THE MOOSE.

A tragedy of the woods near Fort William, showing how poorly the wild things live under modern improvements. The moose met a railway fence, became entangled in the wires, could not escape and slowly starved to death.

Running the Rapids With an Amateur.

BY L. W. BINGAY.

ONCE—only once, did I make a canoe trip with a fellow who did not understand the game of shooting a rapid, and the experience is one that I would not repeat for a good deal.

This friend of mine was a good canoeist, as many understand the term, for many a man has the reputation of being an expert canoeist who has never steered a canoe through the smallest rapid.

Bob paddled a good stroke at either bow or stern and could use a single paddle and keep a steady course—still he was not a canoeist according to my light. The accomplishments he possessed all take learning, but the mastery of them does not constitute a canoeist—they are only mere rudiments. A canoeist is one who can steer a canoe through a crooked rapid, without the jagged teeth of a rock crunching through the frail side of his craft.

Bob and I purposed coming down the West Branch of the Tusket River in Western Nova Scotia, and one bright morning found us crawling out of town on a freight car with the precious canoe stowed safely away in the caboose. Arrived at our station, we bade farewell to the train boys, and found an ox cart waiting us by previous arrangement.

Two bags of hay lashed on each side of the front and rear axles made a soft cradle for the canoe and dunnage to ride on, and we set out on our long march to the river, about twelve miles distant.

The road at various places ran top of what the local people called the "Hog's Back", which is really the debris of a glacier that crossed the length of the Province at a period when Champlain's ancestors were chivvying pleothosari on the banks of the Seine. Our teamster in his vile dialect, a mixture of French patois, Mic-Mac and English, pointed out a spot in a little lake beside the glacier track where certain boulders were said to be slowly but surely travelling toward the shore—probably an effect of the ice.

Later in the evening, when the sun had set, and a big yellow moon shone through the silver birches, our teamster pointed out a spot where, many years ago, an Indian maiden was buried.

According to his tale, she loved a white man, but her copper-faced relative did not approve of the match, so she was slain.

The driver crossed himself as he passed the alleged grave, and somehow the tale, told even as it was in that vile patois, got on my nerves.

The .soft sighing of the evening breeze through the solemn aisles of the birches, and the pale moonlight, seemed such a fitting accompaniment to the weird tale that I shivered. I remembered Keats' lines:—

"O Moon ! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in.
O Moon ! old bough's lisp forth a holier din,
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere with silver lip,
Kissing dead things to life."

and I *almost* felt them too, and I think I felt vaguely as Keats felt when he wrote those lines.

"By Jove, that's a cheerful story", said Bob, and I saw that he too was similarly affected, so without delay the "dagan" was "haw—gee'd" to a stand-still, and we all indulged in a stiff tot of "spring medicine", to shake off the creeps.

Baptiste took no water with his, but simply let the cheering, though ardent, fluid gurgle down his leather throat as though it were milk.

The moon was high when we pulled into a clearing in the woods, and heard the sound of the river close at hand.

We passed the night in a log shanty, for we were too tired to pitch our tent in the darkness. Baptiste took a farewell pull of "medicine" and piked off with his "dagan" and cart, leaving us alone in our wilderness.

Morning found us up betimes, and a

plate of hot buckwheat pancakes and a pannikin of coffee made us feel equal to anything. The canoe was launched and loaded. The cruise commenced with a small, but very nasty little rapid and I took Bob down stream and pointed out the sharp turn and the ledge that ran diagonally across, with just one little rift large enough for a canoe to pass through.

I carefully explained how to navigate this tortuous channel and then we went back to the canoe and pushed off.

Oh the glorious sensation as one feels a canoe gather way down a rapid—and the black sunken rocks are dodged—and the waters roar—but alas—in a moment we were at the bend, and poor Bob got rattled, and in response to my reminding shout, gave a fierce stroke in the wrong direction, when with a sickening crash, we fouled the ledge—just a second of suspense—and the raging waters closed over our heads.

Presently I came up spluttering, and almost simultaneously I saw Bob's head pop up alongside me like a seal's.

The current below the ledge was not very strong and we soon got ashore. "Talk about shooting the chu—"but my unutterable look silenced the remainder of Bob's sentence.

We tramped down stream through swamps and alder bushes until we got to the little lake which the rapid debouched into, and out on its surface floated our canoe, bottom up. We soon got it ashore, and found that beyond a few scratches and tears, no great damage had been done. We then cut poles with our knives and pushed up stream to try to recover what portion of our goods and chattels we could. Not far up we found both paddles lodged in among the alders, and we also recovered our rods, which fortunately floated, but though we spent the whole day probing and sounding, not a trace of anything else could we find. The water was too deep and swift for diving, so at dusk we decided to abandon further search, and to leave the remainder of our swag to the trout and mermaids, or their fresh water equivalent, the river nymphs. I only trust that the latter did not hear any of our remarks on the subject, for they were far too forcible for the ears of such gentle creatures. We then set off down river, pushing for the nearest village to get a supply of food and other necessaries.

Oh the misery of that night and following day, no food, no matches, no tent, no blankets, "no nothing", as Bob ungrammatically remarked.

When the gnawing of hunger became unbearable, we would take in another hole in our belts. This is not a fattening or a strengthening diet, but it does help out a little bit.

Finally we arrived at the forlorn little hamlet we were in quest of, and half famished, invoked the sympathy of a kindly woman in the nearest cottage. The good soul put on a pot of porridge, and we ate the whole potful—then all her bread and jam followed, and we licked our chops like bears at the Zoo during feeding time, but the good woman's larder was exhausted.

From one cottage to another we went, and among them all, got some sort of an outfit to enable us to continue our journey.

We succeeded in obtaining a frying pan, blankets, flour, bread, and, last but not least, a supply of bait.

The whole hamlet took compassion on our woe, and they were all kindness itself. A dam and a saw mill at this place necessitated a "carry", and the boys did this for us, for truth to tell we were hardly able to carry ourselves. The rapid below the mill was very shallow, and the mill men offered to give us all the water we needed to get through. The whole village turned out to watch the fun—even the schoolmistress brought her flock down to the mill, and watched us embark.

The mill men opened the sluice gates, and a roaring flood soon covered the bare rocks in the rapid; then, with a whoop, we pushed off into the flood—the crowd cheered, the pretty "school-marm" waved her handkerchief and the children added their treble to the din.

A moment later, with a farewell wave of our paddles, we turned a bend below, into the still waters.

From this time onward our journey was more pleasant, for we had something to eat and we laid tribute on the finny tribe, for during the next three days many a big trout was brought kicking

aboard our canoe. Bob improved but little in his canoeing, and upsets were the order of the day; we got so used to this that we did not mind, but took no chances with our meagre outfit, which was securely lashed this time. At a larger village, further down the stream, we took in a splendid supply of food, and continued our journey jubilant.

A mile or so further on there was a long rapid with nine falls in its course, all of which were insignificant, excepting the last which was treacherous. We shot through like the wind—it was sublime—the banks streamed by like ribbons, and Bob handled his paddle like a Mic-Mac, until the last fall was reached.

I knew of old the big submerged boulder in the middle of the fall, and shouted to Bob to swing the bow of the canoe to the left—he hesitated a second—and then—too late to remedy matters, swung the bow to the *right*, clean on top of the great stone.

We were both pitched out in a twinkling and clung to the rock with rushing water up to our necks.

I clutched the half filled canoe with one hand, and tried to hold it, but the swift water tore it from my grasp, before I had a fair hold, and over the falls it went, turning over and over.

We were in a pretty pickle. The raging water between us and the shore was about twelve feet in depth, and to swim that cataract was an impossibility for Leander himself.

There was only one thing for it, and that was let go and slide down the fall, and take a chance of ever getting on land again.

It was useless remaining where we were, for the cold water was numbing us, and rescue was out of the question in that lonely place—we let go, and at once went whirling down the rapid, buffeted by waves and rocks. At the foot of the fall I went deep under in the undertow, and got the wind knocked out of me on a rock and felt the bubbles rising from my mouth.

I struggled fiercely and a second later rose, all but done for, and had just about enough sand left in me to enable me to reach shore.

We both had bruises galore, as evidence that our passage down the rapid had been an eventful one.

We had no upsets after this—Bob at last seemed to have got the hang of the thing, and, the cruise ended, we reached home brown and lean from exposure and hunger, but otherwise none the worse for our misadventures. It took a good many hours of patient labor to get my trim little canoe ship-shape again, and during that time I registered a solemn vow—one I have never broken—never to take an amateur down the rapids again with two paddles in use—and the one *not* in the hands of an amateur.

The Dunraven Whooper.

BY B. J. MURDOCH.

"This is what I call living, Bill, no care, no worry, plenty of good fresh air and enough exercise to keep us busy."

I rolled over and gazed out on the little river and felt Fred was right.

We were on our return from a week's fishing among the shady pools at the head-waters of the river, and now we were rapidly nearing the town. In two days we expected to be back at work.

It was a beautiful night,—the river rippled at our feet, and on the bank the fire crackled merrily, while away in the distance the whip-poor-will sounded.

Jack Waters was already asleep; so Fred and I drew our blankets around us and ceased our conversation.

I cannot say how long I had been sleeping, when I awoke with a start and sat upright on the ground. A strange

unearthly feeling seemed to have touched every nerve in my body. I gazed around with a shudder; but no sound seemed to disturb the glorious stillness of the night. Our fire was still burning brightly showing clearly that we had not been sleeping very long. My two companions were snoring audibly, so I did not try to awaken them.

Everything seemed peaceful now. The warm orange flickering flames of fire, crackling and darting in every direction, contrasted strangely with the cold silvery light of the moon.

But as I sat there, suddenly from the depth of the forest came a wild piercing screech, weird and terrifying in the stllness. I jumped up, my hands clenched tightly and trembling in every part of my body. My companions, awakened by the sound, sprang quickly to their feet. No one spoke, but we gazed towards the woods with anxious, frightened faces.

All was now silent in the woods.

The river gurgled around its rocks and then moved on in a dark silent sheet; the moon broke forth, cool and bright from behind a cloud.

As we stood there gazing towards that part of the forest from which we had heard the sound, suddenly from behind us came a blood curdling screech which died out in a mournful wail.

We looked at each other for an instant feeling that the sound was of no earthly thing. Then gathering up our blankets we ran down to our canoe and in a few seconds were paddling for our lives down the stream.

About an hour afterwards we came to a trapper's lodge where we spent the remainder of the night with the old man, who was a friend of ours.

The next morning when we were seated on the bank we related to the trapper our experience of the night. He slowly took the old black clay from his mouth and blew out a great cloud of smoke. Then, looking at us solemnly, he said: "Byes that was the Dunraven Whooper."

"What is that?" we said together.

"What, d'ye mean to tell me that ye niver heerd tell o' the Dunraven Whooper ?"

We assured him that we had never heard of it.

"Well lads I'll tell ye about it now."

He tapped his pipe a few times on his heel, then squeezing it into his vest pocket, began :

"Maybe it is forty year since old Bill Hogan logged on the Dunraven. He had a gang av about seventeen men and three yoke av oxen.

"Well it were in the airly fall that Bill started to chop. Every man in the gang seemed as happy and contented about his work as a beaver.

"The second Sunday they was there, Jack Ferguson let the oxen out of the hovel so as they could get a feed av grass along the intervals.

"That night all the oxen but one come back. The next mornin Jack started to hunt for the ox but he come back in the the evening without the animal. The next day he met with the same luck. On Wednesday morning Jack jumps out av his bunk and shaking his fist in the byes' faces sez," Byes, I'll find that ox or tolla him till Judgment Day." He never said another word but goes out av the camp and slams the door.

"That was the last we ever seen o' poor Jack. The next mornin the men went to look for him but he could not be found.

"At times they could hear whooping from one p'int and when they would reach this place the whoopin would come from another.

"At last after three days huntin' they give poor Jack up as dead.

"Fer the rest o' that year you couldn't git a man to go outside that camp after dark.

"In the Spring the gang that tuk the drive down said that they wur follered by something awhoopin all through one night.

"That whoopin has been heerd often since then, and my lads, the sounds you heerd last night must have been poor Jack's ghost huntin' fer the ox."

Deer Farming For Profit.

AMONGST the recent publications of the United States Department of Agriculture, is one entitled "Deer Farming in the United States," many of the conclusions of which may be applied with some force to Canada and the interest in which justifies the full summary we give below. The author is Mr. D. E. Lantz, an assistant in the Biological Survey, who sets himself the task of showing that "the raising of venison should be, and is naturally, as legitimate a business as the growing of beef or mutton", and laws should be so modified as to enable breeders to dispose of their products at any time, under reasonable regulations, either for breeding purposes or for food.

The members of the deer family, using the term in its general sense in which it includes the elk, reindeer, caribou, moose &c., rank next to the cattle and sheep family in general utility, and are the most important of the big game animals of America. Wherever obtainable, the flesh of deer of different kinds has always been a staple article of diet and has a wide use as a substitute for beef or mutton, which meats it resembles in texture, color and general characteristics. Its flavor is distinctive though it suggests mutton rather than beef, its chemical composition resembling the latter. Venison is in such demand that the author believes overproduction improbable. The other products of the deer: skin and horns, are of considerable importance and commercial value.

While a number of species of the deer family have proved susceptible to domestication, the reindeer is the only one brought fully under man's control. This is not, in the opinion of Mr. Lantz, because the other species are less susceptible to domestication, but for the reason that few attempts have been made to rear and domesticate deer under intelligent management, the work having been largely a chance experiment. "If they had been as long under careful management as cattle, they would now, probably, be equally plastic in the hands of the skillful breeder."

"Deer, however, may be raised for profit by being kept in large preserves with surroundings as nearly natural as possible, giving the breeder nearly all the profits that could be expected from a domestic herd, while the animals escape most of the dangers incident to close captivity. But the breeder who aims at the ultimate domestication of the animals, and whose herd approaches nearest to true domesticity, will in the end be most successful."

In any effort at breeding, the American species are recommended, and similarity to its natural habitat should be considered.

The wapiti or elk, with wise management might soon be propagated so as to restock some of its former ranges, and to develop a profitable business of growing elk venison for market. The elk is both a browsing and a grazing animal and seems to prefer a mixture of grass and browse. Bull elk shed their antlers annually in March or April, and the new ones obtain their full size in about ninety days, the "velvet" adhering till about August. Early in September when the horns are fully matured, the rutting season begins. The winner in the fight for supremacy takes charge of as many cows as he can round up and control. The female does not usually breed until the third year and produces but one calf at a time. Although less prolific, it increases fully as rapidly as the common red deer of Europe, making up for any lack of fecundity by superior hardiness and ease of management. The flesh, though somewhat coarse, is superior in flavor to most venison. It is not best when just killed but should be left hanging for four or five days before it is used. Of course fat elk is better eating than lean and venison from castrated bulls is superior to any other.

The elk readily adapts itself to almost any environment, and although they have usually been kept by men wealthy enough to disregard all thoughts of profit it is the opinion of nearly all the dozen breeders who have made a success of breeding them, that a remunerative occupation is to be found in breeding and raising elk for the market, provided a modification of the law allowed a market for the meat.

Mr. Russ, of Eureka Springs, Ark., who has a herd of thirty-four elk, states that the increase under domestication is equal to that of cattle. Fully ninety per cent of females produce healthy young. An adult male elk weighs from seven hundred to a thousand pounds and a female from six to eight hundred pounds. The percentage of dressed meat is greater than with cattle, but owing to the existing laws prohibiting its sale, experience in marketing is limited. In New York city as high as $1.50 per pound, has been paid, and experts pronounce it the finest meat of mammals. With a large area, cattle, sheep and goats can be grazed in the same lots with elk. The latter is the natural enemy of dogs and wolves. Mr. Russ states : "We suffered great losses to our flocks until we learned this fact; since then we have had no loss from that cause. A few elk in a thousand acre pasture will absolutely protect the flocks therein. Our own dogs are so well aware of the danger in our elk park that they cannot be induced to enter it." Outside of fenced pastures elk do not always show themselves hostile to dogs and coyotes.

Lorenzo Stratton, of LittleValley N.Y. began experiments in elk breeding sixty years ago. The essence of his plan consisted in taming the calves when very young and continuing the petting process with the entire herd. For economic reasons it is not always possible to follow this plan, although the tamer they are the easier it is to handle and ship them.

The range should give a natural supply of food—grasses, bushes and trees. Rough lands well watered with clear streams and having some forested area are well adapted to their needs. About as many elk can be kept on such a range as cattle on an equal area of fair pasture. There should be thickets enough to furnish winter browse, but this should be supplemented by a supply of winter forage. Running water, although not essential, is of great importance in maintaining elk in good condition.

Elk are less nervous than ordinary deer and less disposed to jump fences. When they escape from an enclosure they usually return of their own accord and if tame, may be driven like cattle. Ordinarily a five foot fence of any kind will confine elk, but a vicious bull elk requires a higher fence and of stronger materials. The cost of stocking an elk preserve is not great, the animals selling as low as $20 per head, though if the present restrictions on sale are not maintained such prices will advance.

While elk are docile as a rule, it is found that when they become used to man they may turn dangerous at any time, and are not to be trusted. Even in the rutting season a wild bull elk is unlikely to attack a human being. When such an animal has once showed viciousness it should not again be trusted. The remedy for viciousness is castration and venison grown under such a system would be uniformly of the highest grade, "and far superior to that obtained in the wild state during the open season for hunting. This consideration is of the greatest importance in fixing the final statics of venison grown under domestrication.

The Virginia or whitetail deer is the common deer of North America. The general experience of breeders is, that "with suitable range, plenty of good water, and reasonable care in winter, raising this deer for stocking preserves or for venison, may be made as profitable as any other live stock industry." "The whitetail deer has often been the subject of experiments in domestication. The beauty of these animals, especially the fawns, appeals to every admirer of wild life, and early settlers of the country soon learned how easily they could be trained and how promptly they attached themselves to the persons who fed them. The dangerous character of the same pets, especially the males, when grown up, was soon learned also. It followed that the domesticating process usually ended with the maturity of the first subject, which was soon disposed of or banished to a safe enclosure." "While the propagation of the Virginia deer has seldom been undertaken in a systematic way, breeders have done enough to recognize the fact that they are profitable under proper management, and would be much more so were conditions for marketing live animals and venison more favourable.

The Biological Survey has reports of successful experience in raising Virginia deer from more than a dozen persons,

and several have achieved considerable success. Individual owners as well as associations have established large private preserves in many parts of the country, and stocked them with deer and other big game. In the free life under the protected conditions provided, deer do remarkably well. the increase being more rapid than in small parks. "There can be no doubt of success of ventures in propagating Virginia deer under natural conditions as wild game, as is proved by the experience of a large number of hunting clubs and private owners."

The chief obstacle to the profitable propagation of deer is the restrictive character of the laws governing the killing, sale and transportation of game. "Safeguards against the destruction and sale of wild deer in place of domesticated deer are not difficult to enforce. For this purpose, a system of licensing private parks and of tagging deer or carcasses sold or shipped, so that they might be easily identified is recommended." Much waste land it is believed might be utilized for the production of venison so as to yield profitable returns, and "this excellent and nutritious meat, instead of being denied to ninety-nine per cent of the population of the country, may become as common and as cheap in our markets as mutton."

An Adventure With a Wolf

BY JAMES E. ORR.

ON one occasion in Canada's early days I was out with a chum, hunting wolves or any other game we could run against. In the course of the hunt we became separated and as I was keeping a sharp look out I saw coming towards me a big shaggy swamp wolf.

I fired at the animal and missed and immediately the hunter became the hunted. Over bush and logs I ran with the wolf a close second.

Soon I dropped my rifle and scrambled up a small tree. I was anything but comfortable as the wolf, growling and snapping reached the place and made several endeavours to reach me. To add to my discomfort I found myself too heavy for the small maple up which I had shied and it began to bend with my weight. The wolf saw what was happening and jumped straight upwards at me.

In my anxiety to escape by springing up I sent the tree down lower and lower, so that the wolf could nearly snap my heels off and more than once had left its teeth marks in my boots.

With all my might I shouted "Wolf! Wolf!" partly as a warning to my mate and also in hope of relief, Fortunately he heared my cries and soon came and shot the wolf. I was deeply thankful for my rescue and I can assure readers that never again had I even a lingering desire to have a wolf so close to my heels.

In those old days the panthers, lynx and wild cats used to howl at a frightful pitch, A cousin, who used to live on the nearest farm, once went for his sheep in order to house them for the night. On his way he heard the yell of a panther, piercing the air so loud that it unnerved him and resulted in his leaving the sheep and making for the house which he dared not leave again that night.

In the morning he found that the panther had killed a sheep, the bones of the head and neck being all eaten up. The bigger and harder the bones are the better the panther appears to like them.

On another occasion a young man of our neighborhood was nearly frightened out of his wits by a wild cat. He was returning home along a lonely road when the wild cat took after him screaming and spitting in a horrible manner. The man jumped the fence and took to a run. Coming to a creek, in his hurry and excitement he mistook his shadow for a log and fell in, the cold water soaking him to the skin.

This misadventure added to his fright and as he ran on a tall mullen occasionally struck him. Each time he further quickened his pace as his heated imagination led him to beleive that these were attacks of the wild cat.

The pace could not last and fortunately after a mile of this mad chase, he reached a friendly house and fell exhausted on the doorstep.

"The Uncertainty of Trout Fishing"

BY ERNEST J. MCVEIGH.

THE more desirable the thing the more difficult it is of attainment, or is it because it is difficult that it becomes desirable? Both I guess when it is a question of speckled and other trout. I cannot say that I have much to complain of myself, but I have found on occasions that the good fishing, like good farm land in Muskoka, is just a little farther "back." This, of course keeps up, and adds to the interest of the pursuit.

I had heard for some time of a trout creek some miles south of the village of Killaloe, not the celebrated town of that name where French was so successfully taught as in the old song, but just Killaloe, at the head of Gold Lake in Ontario. At last my friend Joseph and myself decided to pay it a visit.

Securing a conveyance, and armed with the necessaries, including a good sized basket of "grub" we left the Hotel Bearsford at a reasonable hour in the morning of a delightful spring day, and proceeded in the direction of the stream, a little anxious as to how we would put in the balance of the day after we had filled our baskets as the fish were reported so plentiful that we could not help but feel that two such noted fishermen as we two would not require more than a couple of hours to secure all we wanted.

The country up that way is undoubtedly not so rough as some I have seen, but there are rough spots. On the slope of one rough hill some man had cleared up a square patch and put up a fence on all sides of it. Now to my mind a fence is generally put up to protect something that it encloses, but I could see nothing inside of this one to be protected, so I asked Joseph, who is a man of wide knowledge, if he could tell me why someone had gone to all the trouble and labor of erecting that fence. With a look of pity for my ignorance he informed me that the man had, no doubt, put up the fence so that his cattle would not stray off that patch and starve to death in the surrounding country.

Joseph and I have been good friends a long time, and I don't think he would try to deceive me, so I guess that was the reason.

While passing another farm I noticed that there seemed to be more rock and loose stone on the surface than was really necessary on a farm, and as we saw a man sitting on the fence whom we thought might be the owner, we stopped and spoke to him, and after passing the time of day, I asked him if his farm was considered a good one. He said "No, not what you might call a good one, but it has its good points. For instance, in the spring I can walk over every blamed rod of it without getting my boots dirty, just step from one stone to another." I suggested that if the farm was poor he should move out and he said, "Well boss, I came in here thirty five years ago, and have never got enough money ahead to move out, but when I do I'm going, and don't you forget that I told you."

We arrived at the fishing ground in good time, and the first sight of the stream was somewhat of a disappointment to me, and I said as much, but I was sorry I did for our driver seemed to take it as a personal matter and he remarked that while it might not be as wide or as deep as some creeks, it was as long as most anyway, and he went away rather unfriendly. I asked Joseph what he thought about it and he said "that as the fish were so plentiful they had likely drunk up most of the water." That I could not believe and I told him so, but he said, "Have you never heard about drinking like a fish?" Of course, I had, and I let the matter drop.

The creek may have been as long as other creeks, but there was only about two hundred yards of it that you could fish, so that all fear of getting our baskets filled too early was soon driven from our minds. The stream came out of a thick dirty bush, ran one hundred yards, went under a bridge and a hundred yards further on, entered a second bush, more dirty still, and was lost to us.

By noon I think we had every fish

that had been in the two hundred yards of that creek in our basket. They were ten in number, and all about the length of my hand ; my friends all say I have a very small hand.

But if we had a small catch of fish we had big appetites and were ready for our lunch. How is it that in a poor country where there is little to eat we are always hungry, while in a land of plenty we want a highball to chase up an appetite? However we had no time to bother about abstract questions just then, and when I had made the tea we sat down to enjoy the contents of our lunch basket. There was no house in sight in any direction, but about the time we had taken the rough edge off our hunger a small boy came along driving a few head of cattle, and as our hearts were expanding under the influence of a good meal we flagged the young man and invited him to partake of our surplus. He was just "a bare footed boy with cheeks of tan" and did not have to be asked a second time. He took a seat on a spare log and I fed him. He was a well set up chunkey little cuss, and I was soon lost in wonder as to where he was putting it all. After eating a few sandwiches, he started in on cakes, one in each hand, and as he finished the one in his right and transferred from the left, I would hand over another to keep both hands occupied and have no break in the line of communication.

After a time Joseph became interested in what was going on and stopped cutting tobacco to watch. He has no small boys of his own, and I think he began to get a little frightened and thought it was time to interfere, so he said "Son, aren't you afraid you will spoil your dinner ?" "Huh," said the boy, as I handed him another cake, "I had my dinner before I came out !" Joseph got up and went over to look into the creek, and I guess he was scared for I could see him shake.

As we could not get any more fish we found a soft spot on a grassy knoll near the end of the bridge, and lay there enjoying our smoke. And, believe me there are other pleasures in such a trip as ours as well as the mere catching of fish. Ah, yes there is when you have the right man with you and the sun shines bright, but not too bright, and the air is soft and warm as it is sometimes in the spring before the black flies and mosquitoes become too plentiful and eager, and before the memory of our hard cold winter has altogether faded from our minds. Yes, we enjoy it all, but looking back at it from a cold stormy day in February, we can't help but feel that we did not then appreciate it at its full value, but alas, that is the way we are made and we can't,or don't change much as the years go by.

The team came out for us about three thirty, and we started for the hotel happy enough, but now slightly ashamed of our catch. About a mile from town we caught up with two small boys, and with the memory of the young gentleman who had dined with us in our minds, we told the dear little chaps to climb into the back of the wagon. As we entered the village they dropped down with a shout of thanks and disappeared, and we went on and drew up at the hotel. I went to get our fish with a feeling that we were in for a roast from the gang around the steps, but I need not have worried over that, for there were no fish to show—those dear little chaps to whom we had given the ride had stolen them !

Routed by a Bear.

BY JAMES E. ORR.

WHEN about twenty years of age I war hired to help a farmer make maple sugar. The time was the spring of 1845 and the sugar was three miles from the farmer's house. In March in company of the farmer's son, I was sent to tap the bush and generally manage things in the camp.

The sugar bush was on a high ridge which was surrounded by swamps and creeks. Altogether we tapped about three hundred and fifty trees and rushed a first class sugar business. During the last week of March we had a great run of sap. Our black ash troughs were overflowing and the three big caldrons were kept busy day and night. For all our work, however, we could not keep up with the flow.

In a shanty made out of logs and bark we were quite comfortable. There were lots of leaves and straw affording us comfortable beds and we had a big buffalo robe to cover us at nights. We were in the midst of miles of the primeval forest which then lay northwest of St. Thomas, Ont., our camp being only about five miles from that little hamlet of the forties.

Every few days the farmer would come to the camp in order to bring supplies and take out the finished product. We would roast potatoes and eggs in the ashes, and sometime a black squirrel or a partridge; and these, with leeks and crinkle roots made a sugar bush dinner hard to beat. Visitors we had in plenty, both white men and Indians who gladly joined us in our meals around the bright camp fires. On such occasions stories would be told and songs sung and fun and merriment in general run riot. Yes, give me the old maple sugar bush for a month's enjoyment! I and my chum lived well and spent some of the happiest days of our lives in that camp.

It all comes back to me just as though it were yesterday. One Thursday had been warm and melted the snow fast, making the water high, while the creeks flowed with a loud thunderous roar and the frogs were singing in all their glory.

It was about eleven o'clock that night when we retired. Rousing fires had been made up, causing the sparks to fly up to the big trees. Our kettles were put on, and tired after a long day's work we gladly laid down to take a little sleep.

Somewhere about two o'clock in the morning we roused up in order to attend to the fires. My mate went out first and had no sooner reached the open when he gave an unearthly yell and shouted to me "Bears, Ed, hundreds of them! Run for your life !" My heart was in my mouth in a twinkle. To be suddenly aroused in order to meet visitors at such an early hour in the morning was to say the least disconcerting.

In less than a jiffy I was out and on the run. As I dashed out I caught one glimpse of something big, black and shaggy; two bright round eyes shining like coals in the fire; and an open mouth. I have since concluded that Bruin was laughing at our hasty departure.

My mate had a good start before I got underway. I soon overtook him, however. Logs, brush, snow or water were all the same to me. I was frightened out of my wits, and ran in a manner that astonished myself.

We had bragged of our courage and of the manner in which we would face any stray marauder. Around the camp fire we had talked of bears and wolves and what we would do under given circumstances. Here was the testing time and we were running off as quickly as our legs would carry us. In crossing the swollen streams we did not look for logs or any other assistance but jumped right in and waded across getting dripping wet in our efforts.

After running a mile or more we slackened our speed from sheer exhaustion. Then we talked over our predicament and we agreed as we appeared not to be followed that things were not so bad as we had at first thought. Our nerves were too much shaken however to return to the sugar camp that night.

Accordingly we made our way home and changed our clothing. Next morning, accompanied by some hunters who were armed, we returned to camp. No bears were to be found and though our beds and provisions had been molested no further damage had been committed.

We finished our work in the sugar bush without further disturbance though we did not boast of our adventure to any visitors who came to the camp during the remainder of our stay.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER WALKING FROM HIS OFFICE TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A Sociable Rocky Mountain Goat.

It is possible that the charmed circle of nature fakirs may be increased by one.

While climbing in the Canadian Rockies this July, a member of the American Alpine Club claims to have made the intimate acquaintance of a Rocky Mountain goat, a creature extremely difficult to approach both by reason of its fearsomeness and by its dexterity as a climber among the inaccessable crags. Mr. Comstock reports as follows :

"Myself and three companions were crossing the glacier of an as yet unnamed and unclimbed peak at the head of Gold River, a tributary of the Columbia in the Selkirk regions, when we noticed beyond us on the sky line of the peak's arete several goats. They disappeared as we approached. Having attained the summit of our peak three of us were engaged in building a stoneman or cairn as testimony of our success. I myself lay upon the wind-swept rocks on the arete a short distance below the summit. The ridge fell abruptly out of sight some forty feet beyond us. While thinking of nothing in particular I noticed approaching, rising into view at the

THE RIDGE OF MT. CORNICE, WHERE THE GOAT WAS.

point where the ridge dropped away, one of the goats we had previously seen. I kept perfectly still as though inanimate and to my astonishment the old goat continued leisurely approaching me until finally his very next step would have brought him upon me and I was looking into his eyes from a distance of not three feet. Meantime I was puzzled as to what to do. My camera was not at hand nor had I any firearms, even if I had had the illegal desire to slay Billy out of season. Not wishing to be walked over I raised my arms and yelled "boo" to him. With great surprise, but not greatly alarmed, he ran some ten feet backward then stopped and looked again. I shouted to my deaf companions to bring a camera. At this the goat ran a yard or two further, hesitated and then disappeared over the ridge.

I am sorry now I did not grab his forelegs and have a struggle with him. I ask the sporting editor, could I have held him till my companions might have brought me assistance ?

Full grown mountain goats are strong and the ridge was not over ten feet in width terminating on either side in precipices. Should I regret not having tackled him ?

His footprints were in a snow drift a few yards away as convincing testimony to my friends of the reality of Mr. Goat's visit and of my close acquaintance with him."

A Mountain Climber's Outing in British Columbia.

BY B. S. COMSTOCK.

The idea of climbing a virgin peak, and that the highest of the Selkirk range, was very fascinating. Mt. Sanford is its name—baptized such from a distance, of twenty-five miles, by the head of Canada's topographical survey. By triangulation found to stand 11,654 feet above the sea level.

How to reach it was a question ? By pack horse up Six Mile Creek, over a tract for a dozen miles to the head of Six Mile Creek valley, thence with packs on human back down, down for 3,000 feet into Gold River Valley by no trail whatever, but through the Selkirk timber and brush. What Saint knows about the Selkirk timber and brush and doesn't swear ? Thorny devils—club, alder thickets, fallen timber submerged in the rankest and densest vegetation with swarms of ravenous mosquitoes not to be unreckoned with. Hard work enough if on the level, but tenfold more so if climbing up or down with a forty pound pack on your back. When you get down into Gold River valley then comes the question of crossing this terrible stream in July, when its waters are swollen with melting snows. Doubtful even if the three feet in diameter trees can be felled successfully to hold against such

MT. SANFORD FROM CORNICE MOUNTAIN.

raging torrents of rolling waters.

Another possible way is by canoe down the Columbia for twenty-five miles, thence for a couple of miles up Gold River, thence landing our canoes, on foot up Gold River valley for perhaps fifteen miles of brush work. A trapper's trail may help us for a mile or two. There's your dilemma, a peak some twenty-five miles away with that much Selkirk brush and timber between you, and no knowing from what point it is climbable. Just that lack of information is what stumped us, with our limited time. We took our chance of climbing it by the South-eastern ridge nearest the Columbia River; and we discovered at the end of the week when we had come fairly close to our difficulty from the top of an adjacent peak that climbing from the edge was out of the question. It took more than one reconnoitering of the Matterhorn before that peak succumbed and I believe the difficulties of one sort or another are quite as great with Mt. Sanford.

FROM ABBOTT'S PASS.

We slept on Columbia's strand the first night. Early in the morning strolling toward each other a coyete and myself, he perhaps thinking of his breakfast absent mindedly, were mutually surprised. I saw him first and yelled at him some fifty feet away. The wild ones are seldom looking for their arch enemy in this region. He was better off than a mother grouse who a few days later flew with fierce voice and ruffled feathers, pecking at the legs of our trapper. Unfortunately for her, our larder was too bare of dainties to enable us to resist punishing her impertinence ; her brood were old enough to go motherless.

We slip down the swift cool current of the Columbia. Its shores are irregular, heavily timbered with spruce, cedar, hemlock, and Douglas fir. Snow summits of higher Rockies on the east and Selkirks on the west appear over the dark forested foot-hills ; while northward the river itself seems to end at the base of a group of white mountains.

Arriving in a few hours at the mouth of Gold River quite a different proposition confronted us. Now for a paddle and pole and pull with the oars for a couple of miles up stream searching for the eddies and slower waters along the shores. By four o'clock we had left our canoes and cached part of our grub and had already made a couple of miles up the valley with our packs on our backs, and had reached a trapper's deserted log cabin. Within it, and having quickly closed its door, by making a smudgy fire and filling the interior with smoke we smothered some of the mosquitoes, not to speak of ourselves, and here we spent the night.

The next three days were struggles through the brush, gradually ascending, finally emerging above the timber line close to a high and difficult two-horned peak which we named Mt. Taurus. From its twin summits poured a tremendously broken glacier extending its icy mass considerably below us in the valley. Our drinking and cooking water at this point we got from a snow drift, but the mosquitoes still pursued us at night. We spent the afternoon reconnoitering upon the arete which leads to this peak.

The day following we ascended a peak somewhat less difficult than Mt. Taurus which we named Cornice Mountain, from the immense snow cornice which over-

tops its glacier and which we think furnishes a large part of the glacier's neve or store house of snow and ice. From the summit of this Mt. Cornice we behold our Mt. Sanford rising about two thousand feet higher and still much beyond us.

Quite impossible of ascent from this side. To reach its summit we must descend far down into the valley, follow to its source, out of sight, another tributary stream, until, some six or eight miles distant, we had reached the further side of the mountain. We surmise that an ascent thence is possible, but for us to accomplish it will mean a week longer in time and more grub than we have in our packs.

Alpine Climbing Accidents.

The second accident in the history of the sport of mountain climbing in British Columbia befell a member of the Canadian Alpine Club this past summer. A young lady from a town in Alberta, attending the annual camp at the club was descending Mt. Avalanche with three companions, one of whom was an amateur guide. Mt. Avalanche is about 10,000 feet in height. Its upper part is somewhat sharply serrated. On its northern side it bears a small glacier. Its rocks are, characteristically of these peaks, friable unreliable and for the climber untrustworthy. It is not however what may be termed a difficult peak. It seems the party arrived at a bosse of rock from the top of which there was a drop of seven or eight feet to a couloir of snow. The guide halted the party and prepared to assist the young lady from the top of the rock, asking her to await his readiness. Seeing the snow below and thinking to glissade or slide down its steep soft surface and believing his aid unnecessary she sprang with self-confidence from her position before he could lend his hand. Instead of remaining upright when she lit her feet slipped from beneath her and she rolled down over the thirty feet of snow, then swiftly over a steep turf, thence over a shelf of rock and still further for a distance of several hundred feet almost precipitously. Just after jumping, and as she felt herself slipping, she stretched forth her hand for aid, with a nervous and pathetic smile upon her face. The guide caught her fingers only. No cry came from her lips and it is surmised she fainted from fear before her injuries brought death or unconsciousness.

THE CABIN BELOW MT. HERMIT.

A lesson which may not be neglected for an instant

SOME MEMBERS OF THE ALPINE CLUB.

without imminent peril in climbing the high peaks of the Rockies is that of care in well testing one's hand-hold or foot-hold. The rock of these mountains has become rotten by the intense extremes of temperature and the intermittent changes between frost and heat; this is true in a much greater degree than in the Alps and makes rock climbing west a dangerous pastime for the careless.

The Canadian Alpine Club camps for a week of each July at different points adjacent to high peaks. Here prevails the good fellowship of men and women possessing a common passion for mountain climbing. Around the camp fire at evening the varied adventures of the hard day's sport are lived again. It is the fashion, however, among expert climbers to make light of difficulties and to see dangers only most rarely. It is left to the novice to romance about both. To the expert what is actually dangerous seldom comes to a climber and is generally defined as an element outside of human control, like the possible fall of an impending snow cornice or the passage of a gulley down which rocks are constantly shooting. What is actually subject to human control, like a secure hand-hold or foot-hold, does not constitute danger, however many thousand feet you may be standing above the valley below. This means that a good nervous system and freedom from dizziness are indispensable and go without saying among experts. Lady members of the club, of course, don trousers. A rivalry exists between them in the matter of first ascents. It is possible, we fear, that pride may have led some of these fair ones to overdo things and climb beyond the wise limitations of their strength and condition. The writer believes that some of them may have received in their strenuous work physical injures not immediately visible, but working damage

CAMP TENT.

to their future good health. Discretion is especially called for in the putting forth by women of more than ordinary powers of strength and endurance.

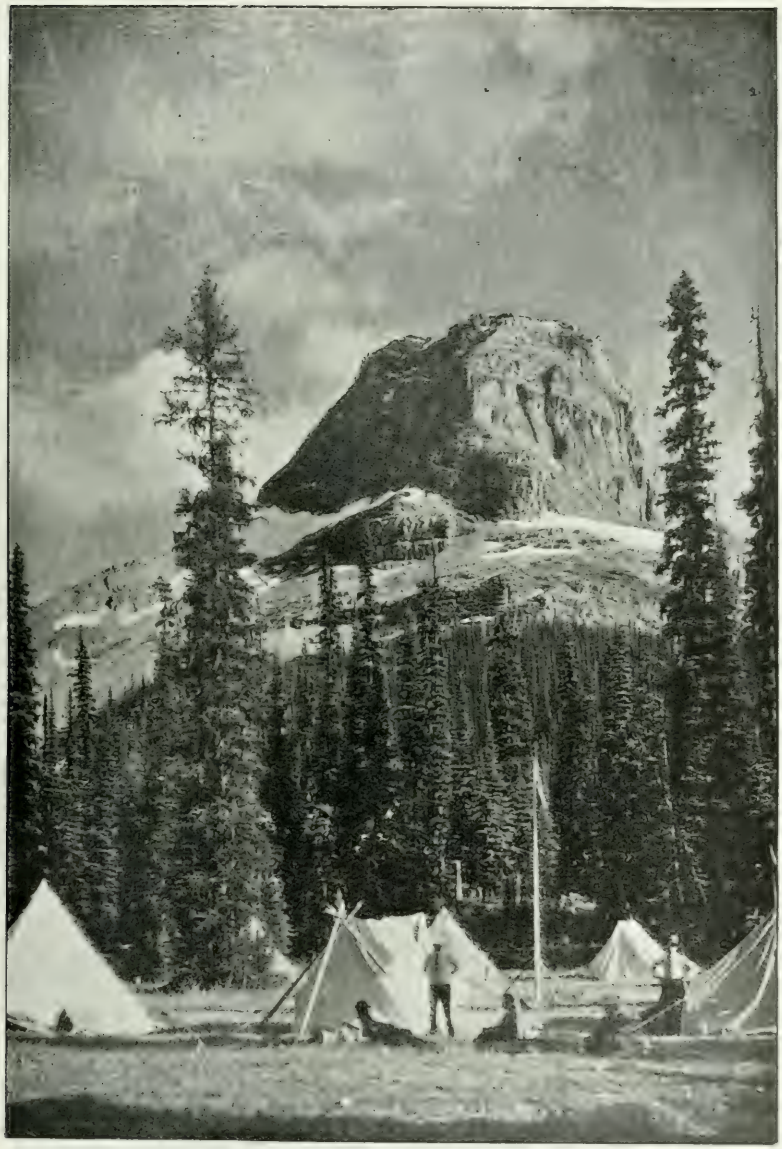
The mountains of British Columbia, while like the Alps in many respects, differ in their greater wildness and savagery, in their darker forested valleys and in the many blue or emerald colored glacial lakes of which Switzerland and Tyrol have none similar. The next annual camp of the club will be at Lake O'Hara than which there is none in the world more beautiful nor set in a grander environment.

The three annual camps already held have proved so successful that these gatherings will certainly grow in numbers and the work done, although of an excellent character from the first, become more truly that of mountaineering in the highest sense. The Club members are likely to distinguish themselves in new endeavours and to add to our knowledge of Canada's wonderful mountains. No one who has been present at one of these camps can doubt the future of the club whose members have already shown such fine spirit in arduous work.

DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE OF THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL.

The Canadian Alpine Journal.

The second part of volume one of the Canadian Alpine Journal was published in time to be distributed to those members who attended the Third Annual Camp at Rogers Pass, B. C. in July of the present year. Doubtless there are many others who will be interested in this new addition to Canadian Alpine literature and will welcome the appearance of a second part maintaining the high standard that was apparent throughout the first issue.



MT. WAPTA FROM YOHO CAMP.

In form and arrangement the same style that distinguished Number one is followed in Number two, that is the number is divided into sections including the Mountaineering, Scientific, Miscellaneous and Official, the latter containing records that may some day prove valuable aids in writing the story of the club.

The Mountaineering Section opens with a paper by Mr. P. D. McTavish on Three Attempts on Pinnacle in the course of which he describes three separate unsuccessful efforts to scale that difficult mountain. The story of the First Ascent of Mt. Garibaldi is told by Mr. A. T. Dalton and A Day on Sir Donald by Mr. Frank W. Freeborn who tells of his own and Miss Jean Parker's fine climb. An expedition to Lake O'Hara is told about by Mr. R. L. Glisan —an expedition which involves mountain climbing of no mean character, the scenic views, however, well repaying all efforts.

In the Scientific Section some exceedingly able papers are to be found. Professor Coleman writes of The Causes of Mountain Forms in the Canadian Rockies; Dr. Charles Walcott, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution on Mount Stephen Rocks and Fossils; and Professor William Hittell Sherzer, of Michigan State College on The Nature and Activity of Canadian Glaciers. Even the general reader will be well repaid by a perusal of these articles.

Botanical papers are contributed by Mrs. Julia W. Henshaw and Mrs. Mary T. S. Schaffer, the former on The Orchidaceae of the Rocky and Selkirk Moun-

Photo Frank Yeigh. AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

tains and the latter on the Flora of the Saskatchewan and Athabasca Rivers.

A most interesting and important paper is that on the "Motion of the Yoho Glacier" contributed by the President and summarising the results of careful observations made in the years 1906-7.

In lighter vein, but still sufficiently serious to prove appropriate for such a publication, are the articles found in the Miscellaneous Section. Mr. Frank C. Walter tells in humorous style some of his impressions of the Paradise Valley camp; Mrs. Schaffer writes pleasantly of "Untrodden Ways," while the Alpine Club's Jubilee—that is, the jubilee of the father of all such organizations, the English Alpine Club, is told by the President, who represented the Alpine Club of Canada on that historic season.

For the first time an In Memoriam sketch appears, this referring to the death of Colonel Aime Laussedat, one of the honorary members, whose portrait appears in the front page of the number.

The official Section is taken up with reports and statements interesting to every member and useful to the future historian of the Club. Altogether the second part of Volume one retains the high standard set by the first and gives every promise of these parts developing into contributions to Alpine literature having a distinct value of their own. Even for those who do not care for the strenuous work involved in mountain climbing these articles and records are of the deepest interest. Everyone at all concerned for the future of Canada cannot fail to be likewise interested in the

ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT BURGESS.

ON THE WAY TO ROGERS AND HERMIT.

future of the Club.

The price of the issue, which is well illustrated throughout, is one dollar, post paid, and any number of copies can be had at this price on application to the President Mr. A. O. Wheeler, Box 167, Calgary, Alta., Mrs. H. J. Parker, Secretary, 160 Furby Street, Winnipeg, or Mr. S. H. Mitchell, Executive Secretary, 567 Spence St. Winnipeg.

Copies can be forwarded direct to friends, if their addresses are supplied, in any number and postpaid for the price mentioned above. A member of the Club or outsider has only to communicate with one of the officials, whose name and addresses are given to have all instructions promptly and efficiently carried out.

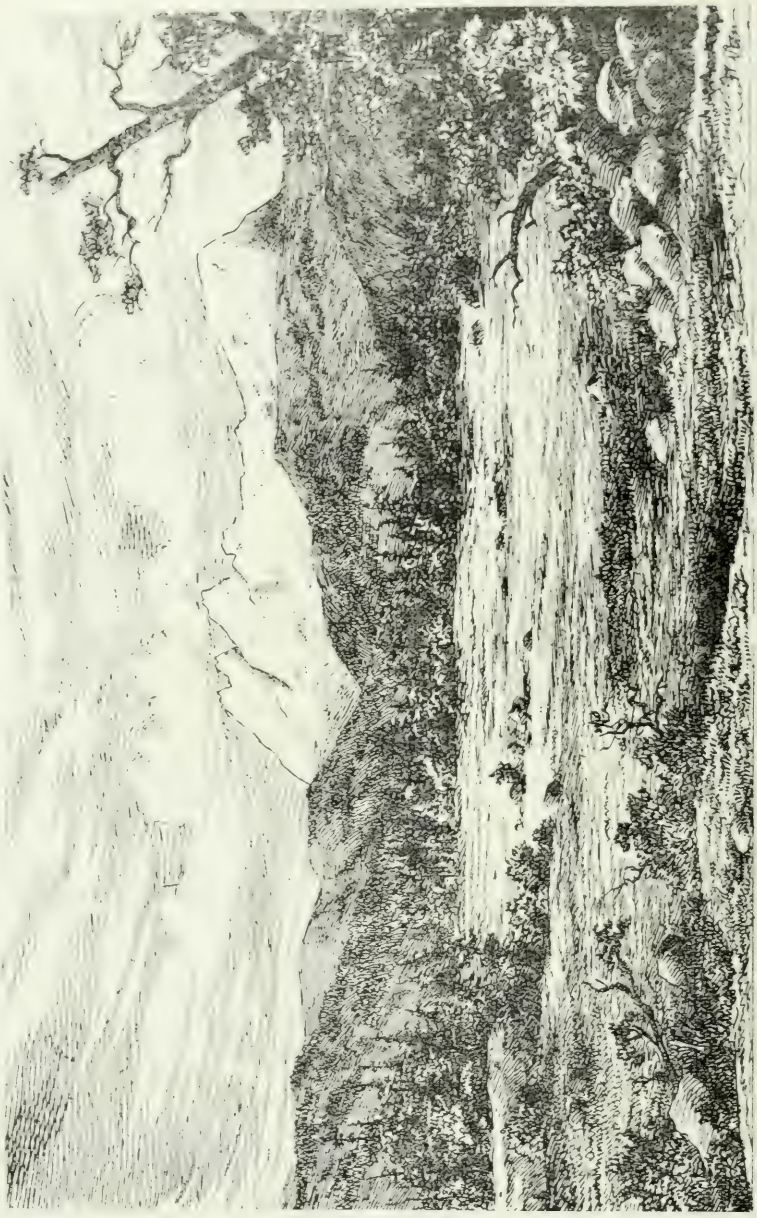
Expedition to Mr. Robson.

We quote the following interesting piece from the Journal:

In the Report of the Geological Survey of Canada for 1899 (Part D. Vol X1), appears the following note by James McEvoy, B. A. Ss., who was in charge of an expedition to examine the geology and natural resources of the country traversed by the Yellow-Head Pass route from Edmonton to Tete Jaune Cache :—

Looking up Grand Fork is the most imposing view met with on the whole route. Great mountains are on every hand, but over all stands Robson Peak, 'a giant among giants and immeasurably supreme.' This, as well as the following, is from the description of the mountain by Milton and Cheadle. 'When we first caught sight of it, a shroud of mist partially enveloped the summit, but this presently rolled away, and we saw its upper portion dimmed by a necklace of feathery clouds, beyond

CLIMBING MT. HERMIT.

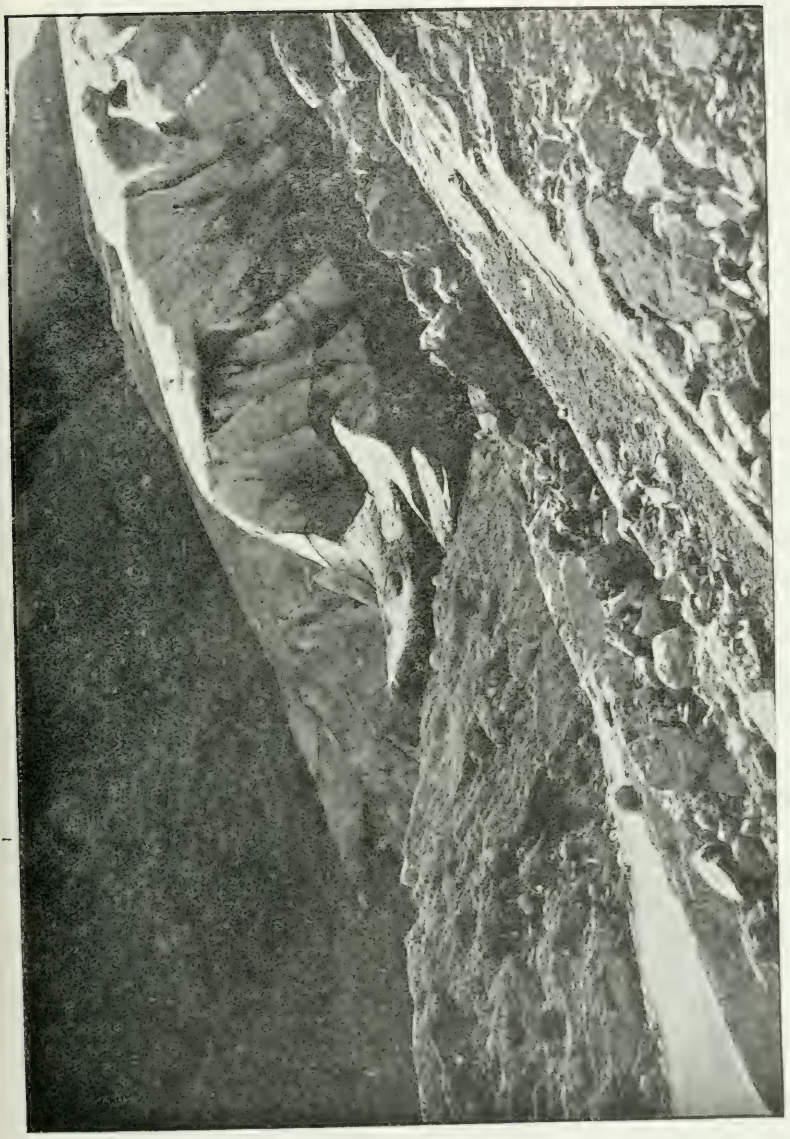


THE YELLOW HEAD PASS FROM A SKETCH BY SIR SANFORD FLEMING.

which its pointed apex of ice, glittering in the morning sun, shot up into the blue heaven above. 'The top of the mountain is usually completely hidden and rarely indeed is it seen entirely free from clouds. The actual height of the peak is 13,700 feet or 10,750 feet above the valley. The face of the mountain is strongly marked by horizontal lines, due to the unequal weathering of the rocks, and has the appearance of a perpendicular wall. From the summit to the base on the Grand Fork, a height of over 10,500 feet, the slope is over sixty degrees to the horizontal.

Although Robson Peak has been long known, its height has never been determined, nor was it supposed to be particularly notable in that respect, but now since the height of Mts. Brown, Hooker and Murchison have been proved to be greatly exaggerated, it has the distinction of being the highest known peak in the Canadian Rockies.

"It is interesting to note that in a paper read before the Royal Society of Canada by Dr. G.M. Dawson the following paragraph occurs : 'The Kamloops Indians affirm that the very highest mountain they know is on the north side of the valley at Tete Jaune Cache, about ten miles from the valley. This is named *Yuh-hai-kas-kun*, from the appearance of a spiral road running up it.' The mountain referred to is undoubtedly Robson Peak, as it is only fifteen miles



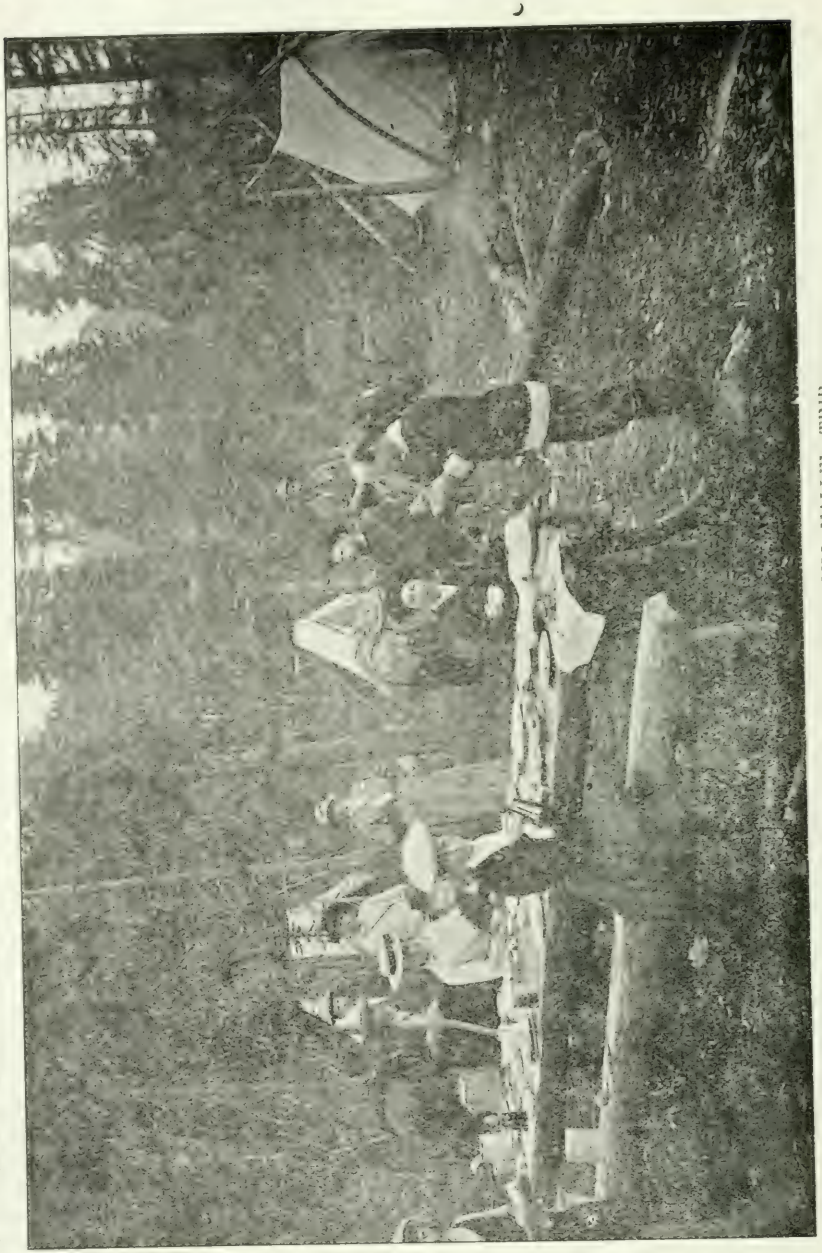
YOHO GLACIER SHOWING THE ICE SNOUT.

north from the valley at Tete Jaune Cache. The 'spiral road' is probably an Indian's imperfect description of the horizontal lines on the face of the mountain. No one, has ever succeeded in reaching the summit."

Early last August an expedition consisting of Prof. A.P. Coleman, of Toronto University, Mr. L. Q. Coleman and the Rev. Geo. B. Kinney, all active members of the Club, started from Laggan, a station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, with the intention of making the first ascent of this virgin peak estimated to be one hundred and eighty miles distant from the starting point.

The party followed the Pipestone and Siffeur Rivers to the Saskatchewan; then along the south bank of that stream, fording its tributaries, Mistaya River and the Little Fork River. Finally the Saskatchewan itself was forded, and followed northward beneath the towering mass of Mt. Wilson. It was again crossed above the West Branch, and the party was soon climbing the side of Mt. Saskatchewan, past the canyons and waterfalls at the head of the stream, to the watershed between the Saskatchewan and Sun Wapta Rivers, above which towered the snow and ice-clad heights of Mt. Athabaska. The watershed is locally known as Wilcox Pass. Before reaching this spot much rainy and bad weather had been encountered and it now climaxed in a wild snowstorm.

Descending from the Wilcox Pass by the valley of the Sun Wapta, over widespread shingle and mud flats and by trails



LAUGHING FALL CAMP, YOHO VALLEY TRIP.

badly obstructed by dead-fall or almost obscured by the growth of the young jack-pine, the main stream of the Athabasca was reached. This stream was followed to the junction of Miette River, the party being considerably delayed by brule and second growth.

After a vain search for a ferry, which it was reported would be found near the mouth of the Miette, the Athabaska was crossed by rafting. Now ascending the Miette to its source in Yellow-Head Lake, the pass was traversed and the headwaters of the Fraser River followed to Moose Lake. Continuing down the Fraser, at the junction of the Grand Fork the party obtained the first view of the "imperial mountain of our aspiration: one vast, lone, snow-clad, cloud-capped peak, wrapped in the solitude of centuries."

A day was spent seeking a short route from the Fraser to a tree-line camp on the flanks of the mountain. In the end, however, a path had to be cut, by dint of much chopping, up the Grand Fork, with traces of an old-time trail for guidance; but so sinuous and rough that it was with great difficulty pack-ponies could be taken over it to a camp beside the rushing torrent at the base of the mountain.

Two more days were spent searching

for a route of ascent; and when, at length, the party had with great difficulty established a camp at timber-line, snow covered the ground and was still falling. Next morning it was so deep that the impossibility of an ascent within the limit of the time at its disposal was recognized and the party was compelled to admit defeat. It was doubtful if the heavy snow-fall would permit of an attempt being made, even if it had been possible to wait for an opportunity. "Perhaps the spirit that dwells in this towering fortress, alone and undisturbed, defies molestation and works with Fate against him who aspires to knock at its ancient door."

The Journal is indebted to M. L. Q. Coleman for the above notes, and sympathizes most sincerely with the failure of the plucky attempt to reach the summit of Mt. Robson which involved an immense amount of hard work and much privation, as well as a considerable outlay. Should the party again attempt this achievement, as it is understood is intended, it is hoped the past experience will prove of value and lead its next expedition to a successful issue.

DESCENDING THE GLACIER.

"Twilight"

BY WALTER L. THURTELL.

Twilight! thy very name is peace,
And soothes the senses, with the sound
Of cooing doves and symphonies around
Pool marges. From cool-shadowed East
To flaunting West, the sky has lease
Of ancient glories, as were the world still young.
The woods, the meadows, have their vesper sung,
And, dreaming, lie in cradle of the wind.
The distance closes in. The rose and gold
Melt and caress, till one can scarcely find
The birth of each. Diana's gates unfold
And, leisurely, her silvery streamers wind
Down to the earth. The lingering light
Recedes, and trembles into solemn, star-strewn Night.

Our Cover Cut.

PREPARING FOR THE FALL HUNT. WHICH SHALL I TAKE?

OUR fine cover cut, which we here reproduce, is one which must appeal to every sportsman. Amidst the many preparations for the fall hunt none is more important than the selection of the firearm to be taken. In the case of the sportsman whose picture we give, we see two old favorites, whose merits pro and con are being balanced carefully to decide to which the favor shall be awarded. There are reminiscences connected with both which make the choice a difficult one. Each of them has performed the best of service at a trying time and each can be depended upon to get its owner out of a tight place if need be. The owner is fully acquainted with their merits and their reliability and he gravely ponders again and again the question, "Which one shall I take?" as he recalls the memories of the services which each has performed. He lives over again the events in which each bore a stirring part and first decides in favor of one and then the other as each incident comes uppermost in his mind. Fortunate indeed is the sportsman who has such a wealth of pleasant memories upon which to fall back, and pleasant indeed is the dilemma of choosing between two such old and tried friends.

The People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia.

A two days' gathering of the members of the People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia was held at the end of August at Truro, N. S. Mr. H. D. Ruggles, ot Annapolis Royal, the President of the Society, was in the chair, the other officers present being:—1st. Vice-President, Geo. W. Stuart, Truro; Sec.-Treas., Roy S. Kelley, Yarmouth; Councillors Rev. D. B. Hemmeon, Halifax; M. M. McLearn, Truro; C. G. Godfrey, Yarmouth; F. W. Russell, Dartmouth. The roll call showed the following delegates in their places: Samuel Riordan, Annapolis; C.R. Banks, Torbrook; Dr. W. B. Moore, Kentville; J. F. McDonald, H. J. Cavanagh and B. E. Fanjoy, New Glasgow; Rev. Benjamin Hills, of Mill Village, Queen's County; Geo.VanBuskirk and Frank Eager, Halifax; and T. S. Pattillo, C. E. Bentley, J. H. Burns, G. A. H. Hall, J. Coulson, Dr. E. A. Randall, P. W. Linton, F. B.Shurmon and A. R. Coffin of Truro. There were also present, J. A. Knight, Chief Game Commissioner, who was accorded the privileges of a delegate; A. Kelly Evans, Secretary of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association, W. Douglas Clinch, of St. John, Secretary of the NewBrunswick Game Society, and Mr. Flewelling, of St. John, an officer of the New Brunswick Association. On behalf of the town of Truro, J. K. Fraser, deputy Mayor, and H. G. McDougall, Town Clerk, welcomed the visiting sportsmen to Truro, and extended to them the freedom of the town.

The Secretary-Treasurer's report showed a strong organization throughout the Province, Yarmouth having two hundred members, Annapolis one hundred and fifty and Truro one hundred. The annual expenditure did not exceed $75 and there was a balance of $12 on hand.

Approval was heartily expressed of the policy of the Dominion Government in setting aside islands for the breeding places of the migratory birds and declaring such islands to be sanctuaries.

The report of a Committee appointed to inquire into the working of the lease of the Micmac Club, of Halifax, which Club holds large reserves in Halifax County, reported that the Club were living up to their agreement.No one had been denied fishing but shooting was prohibited on the reserve even to members as the policy was, by propagating and otherwise, to multiply the game.

Much discussion was given to the case of Mack v. Dwyer now before the courts and many letters of encouragement to fight the suit, with subscriptions amounting to $160 towards the costs, were sent in. The Rev. Benjamin Hills explained that some grants included the fisheries and others did not, and in the case of the Dwyer original grant fishing privileges are not mentioned and therefore not included. Mr. A. Kelly Evans urged the most active efforts to prevent the rights of the people to free fishing from being taken away. In his opinion if the Association did not fight this case its powers of usefulness would be gone.

Private and public preserves came in for prolonged discussion only one speaker urging the benefits of the former while the latter received benediction on all hands. Finally the following proposition was carried :

"That whereas.—It is desirable that in Nova Scotia the people should know where they stand in regard to fishing in the streams of the Province, this Association supports the claims of Mack in the case; that the delegates at this meeting form Committees in their respective towns for soliciting subscriptions towards raising a large fund for the purpose and that the Secretary of the Society be Treasurer of the fund."

On the motion of Mr. G. W. Stuart it was decided to ask the government to exempt hunters during the open game season from penalties for taking fish from the lakes and streams for camp use only.

After much discussion on the question of a stricter law for the protection of moose, in the course of which strong emphasis was laid upon the fact that the

present act should be given a fair trial, it was decided to ask the government for a close season for five years for cow moose.

A proposal for the modification of the $30 non-resident fee in certain cases in favour of one of $10 for special permits for a week, mainly for the use of Nova Scotians living in the States and home for a week's holiday, was rejected.

The election of officers resulted as follows :

President—H. D. Ruggles, Annapolis Royal.
1st Vice-President—G. W. Stewart, Truro.
2nd Vice President—Dr. Moore, Kentville.
Sec'y.-Treas.—Frank W. Russell, Dartmouth

Council:—

Rev. D. B. Hemmeon, Halifax.
M. M. McLearn, Truro.
Dr. Byers, Annapolis Royal.
C. G. Godfrey, Yarmouth.
F. W. Russell, Dartmouth.
A. L. Pritchard, New Glasgow.
Rev. Benj. Hills, Mill Village.

Further discussion ensued on the following day as to the question of public and private preserves, but nothing further resulted.

Mr. C. R. Kelly, of Yarmouth, and Mr. Pritchard, of New Glasgow, were recommended by the Association for vacancies on the Game Commission.

Amongst the various votes of thanks was one to Mr. Jenner, of Digby, for the splendid services rendered by him in the past for the protection of game in the Province, and another to Mr. R. S. Kelley, Yarmouth, for his services as Secretary.

The members placed themselves on record as favoring an open season for caribou in Cape Breton under proper restrictions.

A gun license or resident big game licence was discussed at length and Mr. Knight expressed the opinion that with a little educational work it would be possible to have the latter enacted.

The decrease in the value of the deep sea fisheries was pointed out and means recommended for husbanding this source of wealth.

A committee was appointed to secure information for printing in pamphlet form matter relating to the advantages offered by the Province to tourists for which there is a steady and increasing demand.

On the second day Mr. Clincher and Mr. Evans and Professor Prince addressed an enthusiastic meeting of the members of the local Canadian Club on the many matters arising out of a policy of efficiently protecting forest, fish and game. Particular stress was laid upon the advantageous position of Nova Scotia for developing an immense business from the congested districts of the Eastern States, the economic value of money obtained in that way, and the splendid returns obtained by Maine and New Brunswick which had led the way in these developements. Prof. Cumming of the Agricultural College, was in the chair and expressed his approval of the movement, as did also several members of the Club.

In the evening the delegates attended a lecture by Mr. A. Kelly Evans at the Canadian Club. There was a large attendance of the members of the Club reinforced by the delegates and considerable interest was taken in the subject brought before them. Mr. Evans, while dwelling at length upon the situation in Novia Scotia, took a comprehensive survey of the whole field. He pointed out how matters were progressing in the States, describing the late actions of President Roosevelt, which has given a mighty impetus to the whole movement throughout the Republic, and warned his hearers that they must be up and doing, if they want to keep abreast of this movement. He emphasised the constant necessity for vigliance if the peoples' rights in fishing and hunting were to be maintained. The value of scientific forestry was taken up and its remarkable influence upon the future of our country pointed out. The influence of the Conference and meetings is likely to be felt throughout the Province.

The Beaver Valley (Ont.) Hunt Club.

MR. H. Tupling, of Messrs. Love and Tupling, dry goods merchants, Moose Jaw, writes with enthusiasm of his experiences of hunting in his native province. He has been out in the West for five years but still dwells in loving remembrances upon his old time home and outings.

When in Ontario he belonged to the Beaver Valley Hunt Club with headquarters at Heathcote. The Club has been in existence for eighteen years and Mr. M. Mahoney, who is now the captain, and Mr. W. Goldsmith have not missed a hunt during the whole of that long period. Mr. Tupling himself enjoyed eight annual hunts with the members of the Club.

RESULT OF AN AFTERNOON'S SHOOT OVER SPORT AND ROSE IN THE MOOSE JAW WHEAT BELT. WM. ALEXANDER, W. J. FIFE, MASTER CLIFFORD MOTH.

While the hunts were never failures so far as the shooting of trophies was concerned, there were times when the hunters did not get their full number. This did not trouble them inasmuch as health and recreation were their main objects, though they always maintained an eye to the business in which they were engaged.

From the beginning of the Club, Mr. Mahoney has occupied the position of Captain and Mr. Tupling describes him as the best running shot amongst the many sportsmen going up the river. Mr. Mahoney's judgment amounts to instinct —it is as remarkable as that of his good dog Fred, a dog that has sent the best of the deer for a plunge bath in the lakes.

Only two dogs are taken in by the Club members and those dogs are the best of their kind. The members take liberal views on the question of the dogging of deer and all of them are sufficiently good hunters and woodsmen to get their deer without the aid of dogs. The Club possess their own cabin and the camp is comfortably fitted up and supplied with all necessary utensils. A nearby settler keeps things in readiness for the members at any time. Mr. Tupling is still an honorary member of the Club and at the time of writing was anticipating joining in this year's hunt, although this meant a journey of over seventeen hundred miles in order to do so, to say nothing of the return journey. As a means of bringing before our readers the differences between sport in the east and west of Canada, Mr. Tupling likewise supplied the picture entitled "An Afternoon's Shoot Over Sport and Rose in the Moose Jaw Wheat Belt.

The pictures show the contrast better than pages of description.

While he retains still his love for and his interest in his home Province, Mr. Tupling does not forget what he owes to his new home. Perhaps indeed, he now sees things in a brighter aspect than he did when nearer to them, and appreciates a good deal more what Ontario did for him now that he finds himself amid new surroundings. He is too good a sportsman not to bear in mind the fact that the West has charms all its own, and tho' he may at times look back regretfully upon Ontario, he feels that the prairies can, in some respects, go ahead of his old home and gave him advantagesOntario does not possess.

BEAVER VALLEY HUNT CLUB. (READING FROM LEFT) H. TUPLING, WM. GOLDSMITH, MR. MAHONEY (CAPT.), JOE KENTNER AND R SWANSEY.

A Minister and a Fisherman.

NO wonder the Hon. Nelson Monteith, has made a success of the Ministry of Agriculture which he has held in the Ontario Government since the Hon. J. P. Whitney was returned to power four years ago. He is a fisherman and that explains everything ! While a guest at the Rice Bay Club, Long Point, Lake Erie, last August he landed a fine young 'lunge and was snapped while holding up his prize for the admiration of his fellow guests. Our illustration of this incident is one which will interest fishermen in the very wide constituency to which Rod and Gun appeals.

Photo Master Ewart Mackay.

THE HON NELSON MONTEITH LANDS A 'LUNGE

How I Secured My Moose in New Brunswick.

BY DR. W. H. FITZMAURICE.

THE spring and summer of 1907 was unusually wet in New Brunswick, and I was not alone in hoping for a change in the autumn—or fall as I should say, in Canada. Many were anxiously looking forward to the opening of the hunting season, myself amongst the rest. My arrangements were not completed, when a fellow sportsman, who was staying at Red Bank, under like circumstances to my own, suggested that we should have a fortnight's hunt together. My friend was a good rifle shot, well accustomed to hunting, and had obtained permission to use an unoccupied lumber camp with stove and everything complete.

DR. W. H. FITZMAURICE.

At once I fell in with the suggestion, and having made a list of all necessary provisions and obtained them, hired a wagon, a team of horses and driver, and completed arrangements for the hunt.

Next morning we were both up early, and having completed our packing managed to make a start at eight o'clock. It was Saturday, September fourteenth, when we set out in order to be ready to start hunting on the following Monday morning. The day was perfect for travelling and we got over the road quickly. At noon we halted an hour for lunch and then started again. We had to cross the Miramichi River but we made such good time that we arrived at the camp at four o'clock in the afternoon, unpacked and sent the driver off.

Sunday we spent in exploration walks and saw some cow moose. All Monday the rain poured down and we decided not to hunt. The only incident of the day was the passing of a party of American tourists, three ladies and three gentlemen, all on horseback, to a camp further up the river. They presented a much bedraggled appearance in the rain.

By appointment we were joined by a third friend on Tuesday morning, and though it rained the greater part of the day the night turned frosty.

We were up and out early on Wednesday morning, and had not proceeded more than a mile from the camp, when, by the aid of the glasses, we sighted a bull moose. I had with me a .303 take take down Savage and managed to creep within range. Unfortunately, both sights had got badly knocked, owing to the carelessness of some of the railway company's officials, but I did not know at the time the full extent of the mischief done. The ivory bead was knocked off and the sight shifted in the slot. At the first shot I made a clean miss but was more fortunate with the second, though much to my disappointment the animal got away.

On our return to camp we tested the rifle and found it throwing altogether to the right. We tapped the sight into place and had the gun shooting perfectly when I touched the rear sight and it broke off, showing an old crack the whole way through. As this was the first time I had shot at a moose, my friends wished me to take first turn at the next one. I declined to take advantage of their generous offer and maintained that after they had had their turns I would come on again.

On the Friday we were fortunate

enough to secure a moose with antlers having a spread of thirty-two inches. The second man made a successful shot on the Saturday, the antlers having a spread of thirty two inches. The third man made a successful shot on Monday, the antlers of his moose having a spread of thirty-eight inches. When my turn came round, two uninvited sportsmen camped near us and while they remained I did not care to go out. They hunted for two days without getting a shot and then left, apparently much disgusted with their failure.

With their departure, I hunted every other day until the evening of September twenty-ninth, but saw nothing.

The next morning the driver arrived with his team to take us out and after lunch we left him packing, instructing him to take a different route on the return journey.

We had gone some distance on our road and I was walking slowly and carelessly behind the others when I saw them stop and wave their hauds for me to join them. At once I was awake to the possibilities of the position, and caught up to them with the least possible delay consistent with noiselessness. When I reached them, they showed me a moose about two hundred yards away and facing us. I took the rifle, a 38.55 Winchester, knelt down, took a very careful aim and fired. My companions said in a low voice "You struck him. Fire again !" I followed this advice at once, and was told that the second shot went home. When I saw the moose moving off, though very slowly I got excited, jnmped up and fired again continuing to fire as fast as I could.

Finally, one of the party crossed the swamp and found him dead not more than sixty yards from the place we first saw him. When I examined him I found that one bullet struck the centre of the chest and went through the hip, being held only by the skin. The other struck near the shoulder but the joint escaped.

By this time the driver had come up and we secured the head, which was a fine one, though it had only a spread of thirty-two inches. Next day we returned for the meat and many of our friends had moose dinners.

The whole fortnight in the woods was a most enjoyable time, though occasionally in the daytime the black flies were troublesome. To gain such glorious experiences one could put up even with black flies.

A Fish Story.

A. R. DOUGLAS.

I don't suppose you ever heard
About that wondrous fish
That "Old Bill Haskins"caught one day!
I'll tell you, if you wish.

You see, Bill was a clever man,
At least he thought he knew
Most everything 'bout fishin',
But that's twixt I and you.

Well ! one day he went fishing,
And tried his best to catch
Some monstrous fish both strange and new,
That none could hope to match.

He fished from early morn till dark
But wasn't satisfied.
Such little perch he dare not show
'Twould sorely hurt his pride.

But one day he hooked something,
He thought it was a whale,
And though he tugged with might and main,
'Twas all of no avail.

He hastened to the village
After making fast his line,
And asked some friends to help him,
For he'd show them something fine.

They followed on with eager haste,
To help him land his prize,
And soon they reached the spot, where Bill
Had vowed a great surprise.

They tug and strain upon the line,
At last they safely land
A Rubber Boot that long had lain,
Embedded in the sand.

How I Missed a Moose and Deer and Shot a Wolf.

The Story of a Good Trip.

BY JACK MINER.

"YOURS is the next station and we will be there in about ten minutes," said the brakeman as he gently touched me on the shoulder. I was half asleep in a train running through north western Ontario, but at the intimation that we were nearing our hunting-grounds I was awake in an instant, and when my particular friend the baggage-man pushed the car door aside I leaned out, anxiously waiting till the train finally came to a stand, and then dropped down to the platform to assist our baggage in its downward flight.

"Good-bye, gentlemen and good luck to you !" were the shouts from the trainmen as they waved their hands from the car door and steps, and we soon saw the end car disappear round the curve.

Fortunately for us it was a bright morning, and it appeared all the brighter in consequence of our long-arranged and eagerly anticipated plans approaching reality. The settler with his team was awaiting our arrival, and while his presence meant no hitch in our arrangements, neither his looks nor language added anything to our comfort. Old "Charley" and the three year old colt "Dolly" hitched to a good strong wagon, meant, however, that we should get to our camp in good time and we welcomed their appearance accordingly.

My companion Mr. Leonard Malott, a man who has seen sixty-eight hunting seasons, and, judging from his conversation, has enjoyed sixty of them, decided to go on and leave the settler and myself to pack and bring on the baggage. Having loaded up, I climbed to the seat alongside the driver, and as he switched his cud over to the other cheek, he gave me to understand, in language more forcible than polite, that we were not riding on smooth city streets but in the woods and that it was to my interest to hang on.

About three miles back we located a good camp site and found Mr. Malott there. Noticing an extra smile on his face, I enquired the reason upon which he pointed to our team and said their appearance reminded him of an incident that happened at Kingsville. An old gentleman-farmer came into the town with a team unevenly matched and a passing teamster, after bidding him "Good morning," remarked "One of your horses is quite a bit faster than the other, Mister." "Yes, a little," replied the old man with a twinkle in his eye "but not a devil of a sight, for I have come over nine miles and he only has gained a head and a neck !"

In performing our unpacking the first thing we opened was the tent box and the only dry thing in it was the oil can. At once I tried to tell Mr. Molott that a potato would not remain firm in a coal oil can spout under the conditions of backwoods "roads." He repudiated all blame for the mishap and both agreed to blame the other fellow. We therefore quit our quarreling and united our efforts to make the camp comfortable. All preparations for the night were complete by four in the afternoon, and taking our guns from their covers we set out for a stroll. On this hunt we meant to try for caribou and our investigations showed moose, deer and bear signs in plenty, though caribou were scarce.

We were encamped on a road running down to a large lake, and next morning we visited the lake, which was about two miles away, but all we saw were signs. On the second day Mr. Malott got close to a large bull moose but as the evergreens were very thick, he did not get a shot. No real excitement took place until the fourth day out, when we killed a large bull moose. He was shot in the water and the water of the lake was crimson with his blood for some yards around where he lay. One horn and a bunch of black hair could alone be seen

above the water. There was no boat as far as we knew in the neighborood, we had no axe with which to cut timber for a raft and as the day was warm we knew that the moose must come out. Therefore I volunteered to act as retriever and I soon had my "cotton and wollen" all in a pile. I was standing around in the raw state waiting to get colder than the water before I ventured in when I was attacked by the "No see-ums" (black-flies) that were swarming on my bare back. Seeing that it was impossible for me to get any colder I took to the water and soon had our game by the horns. All went well until I got the brute to shallow water and then, being stronger in the back than in the mind, I succeeded in getting him near enough to shore to lash a small pole to his horns. In this way I thought Mr. Malott would be able to give me a little "existence" but instead of making the slightest effort in that direction, he merely stood laughing at me. Just at that moment I could neither see nor feel anything particular at which to laugh. Finally I got a look at myself and saw that I was literally covered with black flies. There were hundreds on my back and each moment they were increasing in quantity and quality. I asked Malott to hand me a pole and give me assistance. All the reply I received from him at first was "I would give five dollars for a kodak." Mr. Malott's mirth at length exhausted itself, and with some strong endeavours we did at last get the moose ashore and take his hide off. By measurement we found him to be seven feet two inches at the shoulders and four feet from the point of the brisket to the wither. I have seen quite a few moose but this was the deepest through the shoulders of any I ever measured—four feet after the hide was off.

Now as we had fresh meat to give away, we could afford to take it easy and did so to our complete enjoyment, for three or four days. On one of these days on our way out to the Post office we saw the tracks of a large dog wolf. These signs caused us to hustle back for five wolf traps that we had brought along. We could see plainly where he came down the path that branched off the wagon-road, and cut across to the rail-road. Under the circumstances we both concluded the trail would be best and set the traps there—three in one set and two in another. The three traps were set about eighteen inches apart in a line in the path, all fastened to one dog, covered up and the ground made as natural as before. The two others were equally well set and we agreed not to go near them for five days.

On the fourth day as we were again on the way to the Post office and near the railway track, we passed a wagon in which was a young man speaking very loudly to a companion. We heard the words "Yes, right in the middle of the road" with an accompaniment of strong language. As we did not care to hear more of this language, we walked on but on our return decided to visit our traps. We found the set of two just as we had left them, but the other three were gone and we have not seen them yet. The dog was left but "John Sneakem" had got the traps. At once we lifted the other two for fear that when "Sneakem John" went out to shoot "three more partridges and two rabbits" he might go down the other footpath and take them.

While on our hunts for the caribou we often thought of our traps and the trap lifter.

The next thing I lifted was a heavy buck deer. Mr. Malott knew well to whom he was talking when he climbed a spruce tree like a boy and coolly said: "Jack, lift him up here so I can tie his horns to the limb!" Now lifting a two hundred pound buck deer, head first, higher than your head is a feat easily performed after he is cold, stiff or frozen but to do it while he is warm and limp is quite another thing, more particularly if the man above is throwing smiles down at you at the time. All this does not signify as long as it is sport, but once call it work—it is much harder than a good deal of ordinary work—and we wouldn't do it!

Now I am coming to the real thing. About an inch of snow had fallen, and we set out, intent on hunting caribou. When about one mile from camp, I saw a bull moose with a fine set of antlers looking me right in the face. He was standing about sixty yards away and all

I could see of him was one horn and his homely face. Slowly and steadily I raised my rifle, took aim between his eyes and fired. He went down but quickly got up again and the bush was so thick I could not see him plainly enough to shoot again. As a matter of fact I was surprised to see him rise to his feet—or as I should rather say to hear him. I fired again by guess but with no results as far as I know.

The moose started towards the camp, snorting and throwing blood, and I sat down and waited at least half an hour before I took the trail. Blood was on the bushes as far as twelve feet from the trail. I sneaked quietly along expecting to be right on to him every minute but to my surprise he kept on going and I sincerly hope he is going yet. I could see quite plainly that I had hit him too low as the blood came from his nostrils. About noon the bleeding stopped and at four in the afternoon he joined three or four other moose and they all took to a very large swamp together. When I reached camp it was "half past lantern light" and I was very pouty and hungry. "What luck, Jack?" asked my companion, and I had to confess that it was "none at all."

I had not recovered my equanimity when I rolled up in my blankets for the night. About two o'clock in the morning I was aroused by a sharp poke in the ribs from Mr. Malott's elbow and his loud whispering of "Jack, what is that outside?" I had no need to listen. Talk about cats, their noise was quiet beside that which now greeted our ears! You may be sure that when a snarl of lynx start making love around your camp you will hear from them. In the instance I am referring to, they would start off with a moan similar to that of a dying calf, and end up with a noise like a fire whistle. I whispered quietly, "Did you hear them before?" "Yes" he replied, "but I thought it was you snoring". Well, if we had had a Jack or a dark lantern we would have got up and tried them a hand. As they only screamed once more we concluded it useless to move and moreover I was disgusted with my shooting by daylight, to say nothing about night.

How the shooting of that moose did come over me when I thought of it! It was strange that a man who had shot moose for years should make such a cruel work of it. Did the ball hit a twig and glance, did the moose move his head the instant I pulled, or had I lost what little nerve I ever possessed? Before I slept again these reasons occurred to me, and though I do not profess to be more honest than I should be, I would willingly have packed up and gone home if I could have recalled that one shot. To think of a poor innocent animal suffering for days and may be weeks, with the chance of its dying in the end as the result of my wrongdoing and carelessness. This was the first moose from which I drew blood, that got away.

Next morning found me pushing my way to the swamp in order to try and pick up the trail. For three days I hunted in vain. What little snow came, lasted until about noon of the day it fell. The incident was a damper on a most successful outing but we both kept a stiff upper lip and made the best of it for the sake of each other.

Our camp-ground was in a second growth poplar and white birch grove, with plenty of pine and tamarac near by for a quick fire, with white birch for a steady one; a beautiful stream of crystal water ran quietly by the door. Our bed was made of hay which we found in a sort of beaver meadow near by. One might think it lonesome to be in the woods with only one companion but we did not find it so. Mr. Malott was the cook and I the chore-boy and not only did we not tire of each other but would have been content if we had been able to spend a longer time together in this way. This was our eighth trip together though the first one with no other company, and we are now closer than ever. When he had washed his dishes and I had made the wood pile equal to the standard first agreed upon, I would sometimes howl off a song, or Mr Malott would drift back to boyhood days and I would try to go with him. At such times he would sit near enough to the stove door to now and then push a little piece of birch bark through the draught hole while I made a convenient seat of the wood pile and handed him a stick as he required it.

On one of these evenings he told me of an unpleasant experience away back in the fifties. It had been snowing hard all the

afternoon of the particular day in question and about three o' clock, looking out of the barn door Mr. Malott saw his uncle Joe. The latter was carrying a gun and was going to the Hog Marsh to hunt turkeys and deer. "At my earnest request Pa allowed me to go with him. Before we arrived at the camp, which was built near the marsh, darkness came on and we camped for the night. Well, Jack, of all the nights I have put in that was the worst one. About mid-night it began to rain and before daylight the wind got in the north west and it started to freeze and spoil our sport. In spite of all this, Uncle Joe didn't break his rule and before we left the fire we knelt down while he thanked God for His protecting care over us and for the night's rest. Uncle said it was no use hunting and we had better make for home. About two rods from our temporary camp I turned and took a last look at the place where we had had such discomforting experiences. Uncle Joe's reasons for going home were now quite plain to me as we "could hear ourselves coming" fully two hundred yards ahead. When we finally did reach home I can assure you I was more thankful for that fact than for the night's rest."

Our camp, like all good things, had an end and on the morning of November eight, we again boarded the train and came east for a few hours to join the rest of our party who were deer hunting. We arrived at our stopping-off place about midnight, and started back up the trail for a mile or so to the place where we knew our tribe were encamped. Soon we came to the curve which we knew was our place to turn off and we did so. We whispered to each other to keep quiet and planned a little surprise. However the surprise turned out to be on our side, for when we reached the place where we thought the tent ought to have been "sure it wasn't there at all". The harder we looked for it the further off it appeared to be and for quite a time we stumbled around in the dark trying to guide ourselves by the light of the stars. Mr. Malott left all the guiding to me and followed obediently as a boy. Well there were just a few things I knew and they were few indeed. I knew it was dark and we were in a brule; I knew I couldn't see the land mark, a big tall dry pine that stood about one hundred yards north of the camp, and after stumbling about for at least a quarter of an hour, I concluded, but sorely against my will, to halloo. We shouted and there was no response; we shouted louder and only the echo answered us. This echo seemed to come and go several times. Finally we started in on a real pow-wow and as we quieted down we heard the welcome sound of "whoopie" quite close to us.

"That you, Jack?" "Yep" Then we could hear all their voices asking for a match, and as one came out yawning I said "Why did you not answer us? Did you not hear us?" "Hear you, yes", he replied, "we all heard you but we thought it was the wolves howling!"

"Where did you get so much nice dry pine wood" we asked. "Oh, we cut down the old land mark—the old dry pine tree that stood out there to the north," they replied. That was how we missed the land mark and they didn't even apologise for it. We had a good handshake all round and had to admit we did not surprise them as we had planned to do. One and all declared they took our shouts for the howling of the wolves. While they were talking I felt as though I would like to know what I really am like, to "snore" like a lynx and "howl" like a wolf.

Greetings over, we turned in together and finished the night. When we awoke it was daylight and snowing, but to enjoy the light we had to go outside. A year before we lent our tent to a camp called the "Dirty Six" and for some unaccountable reason they got their stove on the wrong end of the pipe, with the result that our tent was "as black as Egypt".

By the way, let me strongly advise any hunting party never to try and wash a tent. The best plan is to purchase a new one every three or four years and try to keep it clean. Always have lots of stove pipe capacity. Ninety per cent of the folding stoves are a failure on account of small pipe, and if packing tent and stove together in one box (which should be avoided if possible) always have the tent in a sack and the stove at the bottom.

We found the boys had a few nice bucks hanging outside and one or two they had thrown inside. On Monday

morning six of us started out in all directions to try our luck. About two in the afternoon I drove a spike down on one of them and he stung him in the right place.

On Tuesday morning I saw a beautiful buck standing across from where I was, on the opposite hill side. As soon as I was sure he was a deer, I raised my rifle and fired. To my surprise he never moved and just as I pressed the trigger a second time he jumped. I knew this shot to be a failure, but before he could get over the hill I sent two more after him. I knew by his actions I hadn't touched him and to say I felt cheap is putting it too mildly. He was one of the finest bucks I ever saw, but I had missed him and wanted to have some reason why. Marking well where I was standing when I shot I went over and examined his tracks. The first two balls had passed under his brisket and stuck in the bank not three inches apart, and the other two had plowed up the ground right in his tracks. In looking back to where I stood when I fired I found it was really one hundred yards further than I imagined, and the deer was two hundred and fifty yards away at the time. After my examination, I came to the conclusion that there were two reasons for my bad performance—first, an eclipse of the eyes and secondly "Doe Fever".

The next morning, November thirteenth, was one of those stinging, clear, frosty days when you can hear across the river. For all that we made a start at hunting, and about a mile from camp I reached a sort of plain with here and there a jack pine dotted on it. As I peeped out and saw its extent I thought I would stand a few minutes and make a careful examination Just as I got quieted down from my first look I heard one of those low howls I believe all hunters like to hear—a wolf's howl, and I knew from the sound he was not three hundred yards from me.

While I noted he was in the north west of me, the wind was straight north. As I glanced at my rifle to make sure all was right he again howled and I felt almost certain he was coming my way. I slipped my right hand under my coat and vest to my chest in order to keep the fingers in good shape. Just as I did this he gave a third howl and now there was no guessing—he was coming my way.

In less than a minute, while I was standing full of expectancy, a large timber wolf broke into the clearing. Now here was a situation for which I had been looking for twenty years and I felt that my shooting powers were poorer than they had been the whole of that time. The wolf was going at the rate of ten miles per hour and I was about one hundred and fifty yards from him. How far would I have to shot ahead of him to make a sure shot?

While such thoughts were running through my mind I decided to try first of all one of my fox plans. As I raised my rifle and he loped out from behind a jack pine I gave a low whistle with the intention of building it up louder.

This however I found not to be necessary as the very instant I started he threw his front feet and ears forward and came to a stand. At the same moment the white ivory seemed to freeze to his shoulder and I pressed the trigger. He plunged forward and bit his side, turned around and ran north about fifty yards when he bit himself again. As he did this I fired a second time and he again turned and ran west. I fired a third time when he rolled over and bit himself, jumped up and ran south-east for fully one hundred yards, when he died. He had travelled in all about two hundred yards after the fatal shot was fired and on examining him, we found that his heart was all blown to pieces.

He was a beauty, weighing eighty pounds and measuring six feet six inches from tip to tip. Really I thought it would be best to bandage my head as it seemed to swell very fast. I kept it down however by thinking of the poor shooting I had done on the trip. After all, I would rather have the wolf than ten moose or deer considering the way I got him. While I am sorry for the poor moose I shot in the nose and the fine buck that I carelessly missed on the hillside, yet I know these failures did cause me to handle Mr. Wolf with extreme care.

Well, Mr. Elihu Scratch and Mr. Thorpin Wigle were a tie for first place on

deer heads, each getting a ten pointer and a twenty inch spread.

Are we going to allow the wolves to come right up to the railroad or are we going to raise the bounty to $25 and thus reduce them? Where I hunted last fall deer were not so plentiful as in former years and it was on account of the wolves. The wolf I shot was not one mile from the railroad. Let us all be as anxious for the deer in the close as in the open season, and better protective methods would soon be devised to the advantage of our game.

A RECORD BLACK BASS.

A Fine Black Bass.

A fortunate fisherman is Mr. E. J. Carpenter, official stenographer for the Quebec Courts, residing at Sweetsburg, Que. Mr. Carpenter was recently on his holiday at Brome Lake and had the good luck to capture a black bass which tipped the scales at seven and a quarter pounds, the largest black bass on record as ever taken out of Brome Lake. Mr. Carpenter was fishing with an eight ounce Bristol fly rod and the fish gave him an exciting twenty minutes' fight before he was successful in landing it. We give an illustration of this fine fish which is thought to be the largest of its kind taken either in Quebec or Ontario. It is flanked by two smaller, but yet respectable, bass caught the same day, weighing four pounds six ounces and four pounds two ounces respectively. If any of our readers have done better than this during the past season we shall be pleased to hear from them. It is believed that Mr Carpenter's capture constitutes a record and this can only be known by comparing experiences

How I Got My First Deer.

BY J. N. H.

IT was the fifth day of November—a day so bright and clear, with just a keen touch in the air sufficient to make the blood tingle, that no lover of out door life could fail to wish himself away from all sights and sounds of civilization, and deep in the peaceful forests. I fell into a reverie, and was soon enjoying the beauties of nature to their full extent. While these ideas filled my mind, I suddenly remembered that there were still ten days before the season closed—time quite enough for me to join the camp of deer hunters, have a good time and bring back some trophies of the chase, if I were fortunate enough to get a chance. The party whom I was, according to my first arrangements, to have accompanied, had made their way to camp some eight or nine days previously, taking with them the full camp equipment, provisions, etc. Now that I was resolved to join them I had nothing to carry but a change of clothes, my rifle and ammunition. This arrangement just suited me as I had several calls to make on my way to the station.

No time was lost, and I reached the depot before the train came in. It was not long before I was being whirled away to the north leaving behind me all the smoke and noise of a busy city. A pleasant night and part of a day spent on the train, with many other jolly good fellows, carried me to Kearney where I had to leave my new-found friends in order to try and find my own party.

After a good hearty meal at the hotel, I set inquiries on foot and speedily found a man who knew where to locate our camp. In half an hour we were in a rig behind a good horse and on our way to Sand Lake When we reached the lake we followed it round to the north, and at four o'clock in the afternoon reached the camp. All the boys, with one exception, were in from the hunt and I received a hearty welcome. The cheers and shots of welcome soon called in our absent member, and the party was complete.

A good wash took off all the mud gathered on my person during the journey and we were a happy bunch sitting down to our dishes of partridge stew and venison. That supper was a grand preliminary to our life in camp and one I still remember. Speedily we had dishes washed, beds arranged and our plans for the following day carefully considered and laid out. A few stories were told, some card games played, and we all turned in for the night. The camp was soon quiet or at least I heard nothing, never enjoying a sounder night's rest in my life than I did that night.

All were stirring bright and early next morning, when we found snow had fallen during the night and coated everything white. The boys told me this was the first snow they had seen since they made camp; or they might have had better luck hunting.

After a hasty though hearty breakfast, our rifles were examined and lots drawn for positions on the runways. It fell to my lot to set out the dogs and I was not at all sorry. On going to the spring for water in the early morning I had noticed fresh tracks and thought I might manage a hunt on my own account. I allowed good time for all the boys to take up their respective positions and then struck the trail with the dogs. These fine animals were not long before they had Mr. Buck going in good shape. The deer went close to one of our men whose rifle missed fire and before he could fire again the animal was gone. Knowing that it was useless to follow after the dogs, I made a short circuit round a small hill and on coming to the opposite side I found other tracks which looked good to me. I thought I would follow them and went down the hill, along the ravine and up another hill nearly to the top where the tracks suddenly turned to the left. Here I noticed they were very different to those I had been following—that is there were spaces of seven or eight feet between each mark, and I concluded I had started them running.

I no longer followed the tracks but

made a wide detour to the right. With quiet and careful steps I nearly reached the opposite side of the hill. There I stood for quite a time and examined the whole of my surroundings. Presently my eyes were attracted by a movement, and looking very carefully, I perceived the stately head and shoulders of a deer. Slowly I raised my rifle to my shoulder took careful aim and fired.

Hardly, as it seemed to me, did the rifle speak before the deer fell. I could scarcely believe I had registered a hit and fully expected it to jump and run the moment I fired. However, I hustled down to where I had seen it drop and there sure enough lay the deer. I was so overjoyed to think that I had made my first shot tell that I stood almost dazed—first looking at the deer and then at my rifle which was a 303 Savage, and a dandy!

Carefully standing my rifle against a nearby tree, I proceeded to arrange for opening up the animal's throat. I had my knife in my hand and was bending over the deer when the animal opened its eyes, gave me a lightning blow in the stomach with its left forefoot and sent me sprawling on my back on the ground. I shall never forget that blow; it was a good deal worse than a prod in the ribs with a lacrosse stick.

On recovering from my shock, all I could see was a flying glimpse of my deer as he waved me a good-bye with his flag. I was not to be daunted in that manner, however, for I knew I had hit him hard by the pool of blood he left and the blood marks on the snow.

The trail of blood was very easy to follow, and I had gone but half a mile when the deer suddenly jumped out of a bunch of cedars and was off. In a second my rifle was at my shoulder, and following a sharp report the deer went down for a second time. I found afterwards that my first shot had shattered his right shoulder and the second caught him behind the ear.

This time he was really done for, and I met with no opposition in my work of cleaning and stringing up. By the time I had finished it was getting late and though I was not afraid of getting lost I decided to make the best of my way to camp.

By using my compass well and taking good care of my bearings I soon reached camp and seated by a warm fire enjoyed a good supper. When I was asked about luck I related my experiences and the boys had a hearty laugh at me. I could not join in the mirth, for every time I endeavoured to laugh my interior hurt so much that I was compelled to make faces.

You can bet I was so sore with that kick I had to lay around camp for two days. That deer however taught me a lesson I am not likely to forget. It will do me good for the rest of my life.

The remainder of the time in camp was spent in duck hunting and we had fair success in this pursuit. We managed to bring back with us many souvenirs of the hunt, and believe our prospects for a good time next open season are of the best.

I should like at some future time to be able to tell the story of my second deer, which by great good fortune I was able to lay alongside my first before the close of Camp Wilton in 1907.

Deer Dogs and Their Ways.

BY E. R. LA FLECHE.

THE paper on this subject by Mr. E. J. McVeigh, several months ago, and the various references to dogs made subsequently by the same writer have much interested me. I think Mr. McVeigh's query about the ways of deer dogs capable of very easy explanation.

In Mr. McVeigh's experience of fifteen years with hounds, he ought to have learned the great difference to be found in dogs as well as in other animals, not excluding human beings. Everyone who has had much to do with dogs know that there are hundreds not worth the powder required to shoot them.

There are instances—I am afraid too

many of them—where men keep dogs tied up for the greater part of the year. They are poorly fed until just before the hunting season when they are over fed for the purpose of getting them into condition. Such dogs, of course, cannot be compared with those that have received due care and training. A good hound is something worth having, but a poorly reared and trained one is an animal which every sportsman who may possess such a specimen should get rid of at once.

There are untold pleasures in hunting with a good dog, and it costs no more to feed and bother with good than poor stock. Men who hunt with poor dogs never require an extra team to bring their game out.

Now I don't pretend to say that the dogs I keep are the only good dogs which have ever climbed the hills of Ontario and Quebec They are, however, hounds well worth good care and good feed, and when I go hunting with them I generally get game. In addition I never lose time looking for lost dogs. When they are after a deer the hunter who hears them coming has not to cock his rifle and crane his neck for hours before seeing the game. If I am going to bag either a fox, lynx, coon or deer, my hunting policy is to get him at once and not to fool around all day over it. When I lead my hounds into the bush I do not require to show them the game, as they can smell deer a long distance away in the dense underbrush. When hunting in the "large brules" along the Madawaska and Bonne Chere Rivers in the Province of Ontario, I have often seen them pick up the scent of a deer fully a mile away. When we reached the top of some high capes or hills they would put their heads up and smell deer on other hills or on the other side of the valleys.

On one of such occasions I was accompained by a gentleman, and he asked me why the dogs were pulling so hard. I replied that there must be deer either in the valley below or on the opposite hill. Having a pair of powerful field glasses he carefully surveyed the ground without result. Owing to the fact that in many of these "old burnts" the country is quite open he thought I was mistaken and suggested a test.

Accordingly I loosened the dogs. They were off at once down hill, across the valley, through a small stream, and soon were climbing the hill on the other side. They were ten minutes covering the ground and finding the stream. Once on top they disappeared, but were soon seen after a deer on our side of the hill. The deer was a two and a half year spike buck which was killed twenty minutes after the hounds had started him. We remained on top of the hill, and both dogs returned to us in exactly an hour and fifteen minutes. It was keen pleasure to us to watch them trail their back tracks. The gentleman accompanying me is a prominent civil engineer and he estimated the distance in a bee line from the cape on which we stood to the top of the opposite hill, where the deer was started, at a mile and a half. In my opinion, he did not over estimate the distance, because, although the weather was clear and calm and we could see the chase plainly, we could not see the dogs.

The same hounds displayed their sagacity in a wonderful way during a hunt at Brule Lake on the Bonne Chere River. One morning I started them after a big doe. She was an old timer and most likely had baffled many hunters and dogs before. On this occasion, however, she had dogs after her she could not very well shake off. They started her exactly at nine o'clock in the morning, and fifteen minutes afterwards, she was seen running in a foot of water along the lake shore. She did this for about three hundred yards and then took to the bush. As she disappeared, the dogs were at the shore, and on arrival put their noses up and pointed where the deer was. They ran her to another lake where she was seen doing the same trick. Once more the dogs started her and she doubled up her former track and came once more to the first lake, though in another position. This time she stopped in a few feet of water, and listening to the hounds, swam near the edge of the lake and back to the bush. Before she was out of the water the hounds were at the lake and started her for the fourth time. On this occasion she made but one short circle, came right

back, and swam across the lake. Mr. C. P. Dontigny, of Ottawa, who witnessed the chase, shot her in the water. When the express agent at Barry's Bay weighed the animal, she tipped the scale at one hundred and ninety pounds. It took the dogs nearly three hours to make the chase and come back to me in the bush where I had been waiting since they first started the deer.

I would not keep a hound on which I could not depend on every day of my outing. My hounds are well bred, recognize but one master, and are not the kind the first hunter who meets them in the bush can seize. They are schooled to shun strangers, and unless shot never fail, rain or shine, to turn up in due time for their evening meal, prepared for action the following morning.

They can pick up the scent of a fresh trail fully fifty yards away before coming up to it and when any of these hounds are after a lynx, coon, fox or deer it takes a good deal more than a seven foot water hole to stop them. They are strongly built with good boney legs and compact feet, and with proper care can stand much longer exertion than the ordinary or low set hounds. They are smart and fast, and do not require to walk round a log or look for a hole in the fence to hunt up the scent on the other side. Where a fox or deer can go they will follow with the result that their chases are never long ones. At soon as they have watered their deer they return to me if I am in the bush, and if not, to camp.

Often have I lost young dogs in the city and failed to secure their return although duly advertised, but not in one instance have I lost a dog in the bush since I have possessed dogs of the particular strain I now own—no matter how strange the bush may be to them.

Owing to the bad weather we have each year during the hunting season, hunters wish to make good use of each fine day and cannot afford to lose time hunting for stray dogs.

For my part I would like to see the hunting for Northern Ontario changed to the month of October, instead of November. We would not then be bothered so much as we are now with snow and ice, there would be more sport, and the deer keep fine in the latter part of October, as I have often found when hunting in the Province of Quebec.

An Owl Story.

BY JAMES E. ORR.

FOR several years in our woods, after the leaves had fallen from the trees and left their limbs gaunt and bare, I noticed a large nest in the branches of a red beech tree. The nest was made of sticks and small branches and was fifty or more feet high up in the tree, just where a number ot limbs separated from the trunk to form the top of the tree. Having noticed the nest year after year my curiosity as to the occupants grew so much that I determined to watch very closely during the coming spring and endeavour to discover what kind of birds occupied the nest.

I kept to my resolution and in March, from a close and particular scrutiny, I found that the owners were a nice pair of brown owls, big and beautiful. I recognized them by their round puffy heads, hooked beaks, large soft eyes and ears resembling those of a cat only much larger and standing out sideways from their heads. Evidently they did their spring cleaning in a proper manner adding new sticks and drawing the old ones more snugly together.

From this first introduction the owls and I grew to be warm friends. Engaged in boiling sap nearly underneath their nest, opportunities to become acquainted with them were frequent.

They were very attentive to their duties and when one bird left the nest the other would occupy it immediately. When I was alone attending to the camp-fire the owls took no unusual notice of me. No sooner however did a stranger appear than the owl on the nest would stand up, raise its large wings, and watch us with its curious

blinking eyes. More particularly would it show signs of restlessness if the visitor had a dog. At such a time the other bird would soar over the tree tops in a manner that plainly showed he was restless too. As soon as I was alone again all would be quiet above.

Sometimes the crows would come in great droves and caw and caw round the nest or at the other owl off the nest as it was resting on a near by limb. Neither the number nor the noises of the crows appeared to disturb the owls a single particle—they simply took no notice whatever of their black enemies.

When twilight came on, on moonlight nights, when I remained in the woods later than usual, the owls would make the place ring and echo with their loud hootings, telling me in the plainest manner possible that I was not the only inhabitant of the sugar bush.

During my stay a number of young men visited the camp and made enquiries about the owls. Several were going to look into the nest and tried to do so, without success. On account of the smooth bark and bending shape of the tree the climber would come down very suddenly before reaching half way up.

I think the increase in the nest at each hatching was four young downie cat faced owls.

They were great eaters and lived on eggs, mice, reptiles, fish, frogs etc. I have seen them stand on a log in a creek and with their claws dexterously catch a fish as it was trying to swim by.

For many years the owls nested in the same tree and I enjoyed their company and cunning ways very much.

At length a big wind storm blew down the tree and it was then I gave a thorough examination to the nest of sticks. A long delayed curiosity was thus satisfied but I lost for good my interesting owl friends.

The Ross Rifle.

THE Ross Rifle, manufactured in Canada and adopted by the Canadian Government, has met with a series of successes at the British Bisley.

Mr. F. W. Jones, of the North London Rifle Club shot throughout with the Ross Rifle and succeeding in winning the "Edge" which is open to all comers and to all rifles, the distance being one thousand and eleven hundred yards, the prizes aggregating fifty pounds, being contributed by Major Edge.

The same shooting won the "Halford Memorial" Challenge Cup open to all comers and all rifles at distances of nine hundred and one thousand yards, the prize being the cup and added money.

For the "Hopton" Challenge Cup, which is known as the Match Rifle Aggregate—that is the competitor who makes the highest aggregate scores in "Albert," "Bass," "Brownlow," "Edge," "Halford Memorial," "Waldegrave" and "M. R. Wimbledon Cup," Mr. Jones beat the record making seven hunddred and twenty-six out of a possible seven hundred and fifty, being twenty points higher than the score which gained the trophy last year.

The Morning Post in commenting on this feat described the Ross Rifle as "an arm of wondrous precision. The shooting was extraordinary." The Standard headed their descriptive account of the shooting "Triumph for Ross Rifle" and in the course of the article said :

"The battle of the rifles at the National Rifle Association meeting took an unexpected turn, when attention was diverted from the American Springfield and the other arms to the Ross rifle, which has been adopted by the Canadian Government. The succesful marksman, Mr. F. W. Jones won both the big long-range matches, the Halford and the Edge—with it, finishing ahead of Springfields, Enfields, Mannlichers, and all the field of the world's rifles."

There were many other comments of a similar kind, one describing the record as "a remarkable triumph," while another said "The Ross rifle is held by experts here to be another advance in rifle making."

Lieut. Mortimer, who was the only

Canadian present using the Ross rifle, won the highest individual total reaching £54

A special cartridge has been produced for this rifle by Messrs. Eley and is known as the Ross-Eley. This has a calibre of .280 inch, roughly midway between the Mannlicher and the .303 and a bullet weight varying from 140 grs. to 160 grs. The lightness of the bullet for the calibre laid down has been achieved by an extraordinary large canty at the nose. The lighter bullet is the one selected by Sir Charles Ross out of the many he tried as the best for deer hunting. It has a great capacity for remaining in the beast whilst avoiding the serious defect of splintering into fragments on impact without penetration. The heavier bullet, which is characterised by a smaller cavity at the nose is regarded as most suitable for cases where tougher skinned animals are likely to be encountered.

In addition to the Ross Rifle Mr. Jones used the Ross-Eley ammunition throughout his fine shooting record at Bisley.

Wild Rice Growing in Nova Scotia.

A RECENT copy of the "Outlook", of Middleton, N. S., contains an interesting account of a visit to the summer residence of Dr. A. P. Reid, the Provincial Health Officer, who has a farm of four hundred acres across Annapolis River from Middleton. The farm includes valuable forest and agricultural land, and there are salmon pools shadowed by stately elms nearby. Dr. Reid is fond of investigation and experiment along scientific lines and both house and grounds give many evidences of his successes in this work. By means of a hydraulic ram, which works night and day without grumbling, the house, stable and garden are well supplied with water, the liquid being pumped up at the rate of a gallon a minute to tanks fifty feet above.

The doctor prides himself most upon his success in wild rice culture. For ten years he failed in his efforts to propagate this useful wild plant in the waters of Nova Scotia. The province is dotted with lakes having a profuse but useless vegetation and others besides the doctor endeavoured in vain to supplant the useless with the useful. After so many failures the doctor was about to give up when he heard of the experiments made by the United States Government and following upon their lines he made a further attempt, succeeding this time in geting the rice to thrive lustily in every place in which he planted it. As a matter of fact, the doctor says, wild rice is easily grown, the secret of success being "never let it dry from the time it is gathered until planted."

Wild rice grows abundantly in northern United States, southern Canada, Japan, China and Formosa. In rivers, lakes, and ponds where the water is still, the bottom muddy and the depth not more than six feet can the wild rice be found.

Moose and wild fowl are very fond of this grain which amongst the early Indians was almost as much an article of diet as the cultivated rice is with the people of India and China today. As a dressing and stuffing for game it is unexcelled. It is stated to be a more complete food than any other grain and is consequently much in demand in hospitals as an appetizing and nourishing food. The wild rice blossoms late in July or early in August. The seeds quickly ripen and fall off, sinking to the bottom and remaining dormant until the following spring.

Dr. Reid attaches much importance to the introduction of wild rice in Nova Scotia as he believes by planting the lakes and the streams of the wild lands of the province with this grain the supply of wild animals and fowls can be greatly increased. Wild rice will also be welcomed as a food by the Indians and many poor people living in the outlying districts.

A Skilful Trio.

THERE is an old saying that "the man who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," and, by parity of reasoning, the man who makes first-rate fishing-tackle should himself be able to use it in first-rate fashion. This certainly holds true of the Hardy's. Mr. J. J. Hardy's portrait, flanked by those of his two nephews Messrs L.H.Hardy and H.J. Hardy, is here reproduced.

All anglers know that Messrs. Hardy Bros. make most excellent fishing tackle, and at the recent tournameut at the Franco-British Exhibition at London, England, Mr. J. J. Hardy showed once more that he can make most skillful use of it. He was first in the open salmon fly casting, and first in the open (light) trout fly casting, and although his aggregates brought him out third in the one fly trout and third in the float-casting events, yet in each of these competitions he made the longest individual cast.

Mr. L. R. Hardy well maintained the family traditions by winning a first prize in the float-casting event, a second prize in the light trout fly event, another second prize in the No. 12 trout fly event, and a third place in the wet-fly event.

Mr. H.J. Hardy, who is training for the legal profession, finding himself at liberty to flit from the amateur contests to the open, and from the open to the amateur, took full advantage of his position and carried off in quick succession a first prize in the amateur salmon fly casting, a first prize in the amateur trout fly casting, a first prize in the amateur dry-fly contest, a second prize in the wet fly contest, a second prize in the ambidextrous trout fly contest, and a third place in the open salmon fly contest, and a third place in the float-casting event.

This makes a total of six first prizes, four second and five third, or fifteen prizes in all, gained by three members of the same family—a truly remarkable record which is likely to stand for many a long day to come.

HAROLD JOHN HARDY JOHN JAMES HARDY LAWRENCE HARDY

Facts About The Trout and the Trout Streams of Alberta.

The Streams.

These are Mountain streams flowing down the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, the Bow and its branches, and all other mountain streams south of this river to the boundary.

Character of these Streams.

Swift running, with rapids and falls, having rocky, stoney and gravel bottoms. During fall, winter and early spring, these streams are at low water mark and perfectly clear. In winter during the coldest weather many of the smaller ones freeze to the bottom. This does not mean that they stop running but that the ice is forced to the bottom, and the water runs over it, making them uninhabitable for fish and seriously interfering with the depositing and hatching of fall spawn. During May, June, July and August these streams are raging torrents, carrying down mud, silt, and even trees, and are very treacherous. During these floods these streams very often find a quite different course. A number of spring creeks join these mountain streams which are not affected by these floods and in consequence afford good spawning places.

Trout.

There are two kinds.

(a) Salmo Mykis (commonly called cut-throat.) This is a real trout of good formation and attractive color. It is a very game fish when caught in season—which is during September and October when it is at its best, and readily rises to the artificial fly. It spawns in the spring, during April and May, ascending the different streams for the purpose. It is very prolific from the fact that it takes but a short time for the eggs to hatch, since they are deposited at the approach of the warm season of the year, All of the above streams are fairly well stocked with these trout, considering they have never had any legal protection during spawning time, and that they have been destroyed by every device known to man at this particular time. The fish lives wholly on insects, and therefore does not destroy fish of its own or other species.

(b) Salvelinus Malma (Bull Trout). This fish belongs to the Salvelinus family and is not a true trout. It lives almost wholly on fish of its own and other species. It spawns in the fall, and during that time has had legal protection. It is despised by fishermen as a game fish, and it does not rise to the artificial fly, and when caught on the hook with bait puts up no fight. It therefore has had every chance to increase in numbers, and these streams ought to be full of them. The reverse is the case, owing partly to the habits of the fish itself and partly to the difficulties of fall spawning as mentioned above, more particularly the latter.

(c) Other Game Fish.

Williamsonii (Rocky Mountain White Fish)—popularly known as the Grayling is another game fish in these waters. It lives altogether on insects, rises well to the artificial fly, and puts up an excellent fight for life when caught. It spawns in the fall, and has also had protection, and like the Bull Trout is few in numbers.

Conclusion.

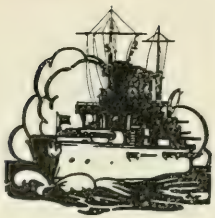
(a) These streams are not suitable for fishing during the spring and summer months owing to the muddy condition of the water.

(b) They give excellent fishing during September and October, and sometimes in August, for then the water in all the streams is low and transparent.

(c) They are not suitable for fall spawning fish, as shown by the two kinds which are not increasing in numbers.

(d) The Cut-throat (Salmo Mykis) meets all the requirements and conditions, and ought to be protected without consideration of any other varieties.

(e) It is not advisable to introduce outside varieties such as the Salvelinus



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Dominion Cartridges (Sure Fire) — **Regal Shells** (Ballistite Dense Smokeless Powder) — **Sovereign Shells** (Empire Bulk Smokeless Powder) — **Crown Shells** (Best Black Powder)

DOMINION CARTRIDGE COMPANY, MONTREAL.

Fontinalis of Ontario which belongs to the same family as the bull trout, with all its habits, it is not a true trout, lives to a great extent on fish. Spawns in the fall and is liable to the same obstacles in spawning, but with this important difference, that it is a great game fish with flavor of flesh unexcelled. It will be impossible to legislate so as to protect the Cut-throat which spawns in the spring and is at its best in September and October, and the Salvelinus Fontinalis of Ontario which spawns in the fall and should have a close season in September and October. The latter fish should be taken during June and July but at that time the waters are muddy and no fishing can be done. The natural increase of these will be interfered with by frost the same as that of the Bull-trout.

(f)The Cut-throat is admired and esteemed by those who know it and considered to be one of the best, both as to flavor and game qualities. This fish is indigenous to these waters.

It is a recognized maxium by Icthyologists of repute that is better to protect and foster indigenous species of proved worth than to experiment with outside species, from the fact that a fish taken from its own habitation often deteriorates in strange waters.

Note.

The above has been prepared by the Alberta Fish and Game Protective Association, in an endeavor to explain the Trout situation as it really is in Alberta, and place their views before the Dominion Government which has control of these waters, and to give reasons why they think the said Government has acted unwisely in giving the C. P. R. permission to introduce Ontario Trout at Banff, which the Company has already done, also in hopes that when they understand the conditions and requirements of the country will legislate accordingly.

A Wonderful Bottle.

As This Earth is Kept Warm, so is the Bottle Kept Warm.

MANY men were busy in the club. Mr. Daniel Cohalon was giving a patriotic Irish dinner in honor of Mr. O'Donnell. The purpose of the dinner was to free Ireland—a task that Mr. Cohalon is determined to carry out if he has to hurt the feelings of King Edward and all the royal family.

Mr. John Devoy, the Gaelic editor, was patiently explaining to F. P. Dunne that all Irish bills born under the clock tower must necessarily be bad, because of their being made by Englishmen.

Downstairs Mr. Murphy, whose real name is Cross and Company, was showing to his enraptured friends a small bottle that keeps cold, if you want it to, or hot, if you want it to. About that bottle we want to talk.

The new invention is called "The Thermos -Bottle." Whether this bottle will permanently do all the things that it is said to do we do not know. Those that wish to find out must experiment through purchase. But we do know that the idea is a plausible one, and an intensely interesting one, as it actually imitates in the little bottle, that you carry around in your pocket, the plan that is used in keeping this earth fit to live upon.

This Thermos bottle will keep liquids ice cold all day, or it will keep things boiling hot for hours, as you prefer. Whatever you put in the bottle at a certain temperature, high or low, remains at that temperature no matter what the weather may be.

For instance, a workingman going off in the morning can fill the bottle with hot coffee and find it hot at noon on a cold winter day. A woman going out to the park with a child can put cool milk in the bottle and find it cool hours afterwards, even though it may have lain upon the grass in the hot sunlight.

These statements seem extraordinary; but according to Mr. Murphy's explanation, they are entirely simple. There is no chemical, no heating, no ice. The bottle is constructed in such a way as to prevent heat from coming out or from going in. If you put hot stuff inside the bottle the heat cannot come out. If you put cold stuff inside the bottle the heat cannot go in and spoil its coldness. And this is because the bottle is built upon the lines of the earth on which you live.

The bottle consists of two glass bottles, one inside the other and joined at the neck. . There is an air space between the two bottles or divisions, and from this all of the air has been extracted, forming a vacuum, as nearly complete as possible. And that is all the secret there is.

Heat does not travel through a vacuum. Heat can no more go from one side to another of a chamber containing no air than you could go from one side to another of a room containing no floor. The mysterious thing we call heat must move from one atom of air to the next and so on. If you take the air out of a space surrounding the bottle the heat can neither go out nor go in, and therefore the inside must stay at the original temperature. There could be only a slight loss or a little addition of heat at the neck where the two are joined.

You may ask, "What has that to do with the way our earth is constructed"? It has everything to do with it. This earth and the water on it, are supplied with a certain amount of heat. The inside of the earth is supposed to be very hot, perhaps boiling hot. In any case, we have only a limited amount of heat here, in addition to that which comes to us from the sun in the daytime, and that sun heat is a mystery—we know nothing about its nature or how it gets here. But we do know that the amount of heat which we possess in the earth itself is limited. And we know that the only thing that saves us is the fact that the earth is built like the Thermos bottle, with a vacuum all around it, and the heat cannot go out through the vacuum.

There is no such thing in the world as a real vacuum. Nothing can be absolutely empty. But around us there is a good enough vacuum—that is to say, there is a mass of ether, so called, a substance so thin that we can hardly conceive of it. Through this ether our earth rolls, carrying its atmosphere and its heat along with it. And after millions of

years of rolling we have got almost as much heat as we started out with. We have lost only just enough of it to give a crust to our earth and make our life possible. And millions of years from now, thanks to this almost complete vacuum and non-conductor of heat surrounding us, we shall still have the heat with us.

This ether that surrounds us, and in which our warm earth travels, is inconceivably cold. If you could get to the top of this atmosphere—it is not so many miles high—and stick your head out into that ether your head would be frozen solid in about a hundredth part of a second. If our atmosphere should vanish and if the cold ether should close down and come in contact with our earth, all the oceans and lakes would become solid lumps of ice, and every living thing would instantly be frozen stiff forever, or until some heat-creating cataclysm should occur.

All of the heat in our earth, all the latent heat in the oceans would be absorbed in a second by that cold ether around us except for the fact that the dreadful frozen ocean of ether through which our earth ship takes us is a bad conductor of heat. It is to all intents and purposes a vacuum, and this earth keeps its warmth miraculously with utter, inconceivable cold all around it. It is as remarkable as though a baby of three years should walk from here to the North Pole with bare feet and come home without a frostbite.

We are glad to congratulate the inventive mind that has imitated the carpentry of the cosmos in a plain glass bottle that can be used by mothers and workmen, and picnic parties, and others. It is a good thing occasionally to remember how much the world owes to the ideas born in the inventive mind. Everything we have, from a corkscrew to a pile driver or a lightning express train, is the material shape of some idea, born in a human brain.

If it is true that human ingenuity has given us a bottle that will keep cold without ice and warm without fire, man may set up one more small mile stone on the dreary road that he has travelled for thousands of years past in his journey from helpless, brutal ignorance to the final complete knowledge that will crown him real ruler of the earth and of his own destiny.—New York Evening Journal.

Death of Mr. E. F. L. Jenner.

A large number of sportsmen will regret to hear of the death of Mr. Edmund Francis Lyndale Jenner of Digby, N. S. who died on September eighth from cancer. Mr. Jenner underwent two operations at Montreal and though he obtained some relief he grew worse and passed away as above stated.

The deceased was the eldest son of the Rev. Edmund Jenner, late rector of Catton, Yorkshire, England, and a grand son of Robert Francis Jenner, Esq. of Wenvoe Castle, Glamorganshire. He was born at Catton Rectory, April 10th., 1865, and received his education at the Newark Grammar school and Cambridge University. He came to Nova Scotia in 1886 and for a time resided in Kentville. Later he went to Sherbrooke, N. S. where for some years he worked at mining engineering, and in a small measure, at journalism, and then took up pharmacy as his chosen profession, graduating under the Provincial Board of Pharmacy in 1896. He, for some years, operated a drug business at Sherbrook before coming to Digby. In 1905 he was elected vice-president of the N. S. Pharmaceutical Society and in the following year he was appointed one of the examiners for that Society ;—this office he held until his death. In 1897 he was elected to the Presidency of the Society, but was compelled to resign this charge through illness, during the last summer. He was a successful pharmacist in every particular and with a rich supply of experience, he was ever ready to put forth every possible effort to elevate the standard of his profession at home and abroad. Through his death a severe loss will be keenly felt by this society of the province and indeed, throughout the Dominion.

He did not confine his energies to the limits of a drug store, entirely. Along with his diploma as a pharmacist, he held a "first class grade A certificate" of the Royal School of Artillery, Quebec, and also a captain's commission in the Seventh Regiment of Canadian Artillery. He, furthermore, found time to devote to other duties and acted in the capacity of game warden for over sixteen years. He took a lively interest in all branches of hunting and fishing and also identified himself with the movement for game preservation, doing much work of lasting value in that behalf, and was secretary of the local game society at the time of his death.

The deceased was a magazine writer of considerable note and his interesting articles have appeared in several publications. He contributed numerous articles to various medical, pharmaceutical and sporting journals. A large number of sportsmen in English-speaking countries are familiar with the wit and humor which have characterized his articles dealing with the backwoods life, hunting, fishing and closely related topics, which have graced the pages of Rod and Gun and other sporting magazines.

He leaves a widow, a daughter of the late George Thomson, Esq., of Wolfville, a mother, who was with him during the greater part of his illness, coming from England in June, and two brothers, Rev. Robert Jenner, M. A. of Tiffield Rectory, Towcester, England ; and Gilbert Jenner Esq., M. A. of Hazelwood, Limpsfield, Surrey.

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should go along with you by all means. It is quickly and easily prepared, and is splendid in combination with milk, cream, fruits, vegetables and lots of other things. You can prepare it in a different way for every meal—a welcome relief from monotony. It will do you lots of good, too. ¶ It is made solely of the whole wheat berry, and contains more strength and vigor and vitality than any other food, as whole wheat is composed of all the elements which enter into the construction of the human body—muscles, teeth, bones, tissues as well as heat and energy. ¶ Write for "*The Vital Question Cook Book*," free. ¶ **Triscuit** is a whole wheat cracker. Better for toast than bread and fine with butter and cheese. Compact and easily carried.

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OUR MEDICINE BAG

Martin Hunter writes : Re Big Game Queries in your October number. I may inform the writer, Mr. W. J. Bignell, that his friend was not trying to "put it all over him" when he stated that moose had a greyish white color in winter. Moose in the fall are sleek and fat and their coat is almost black from a distance at that season—one would say jet black. However this is not really the case as there are dark brown hairs mixed with the black. This coat changes as the winter advances, becoming coarser and of a grayish white very much like the caribou.

——

Royal visitors to Canada are few and far between but when such distinguished personages do visit our shores they are made welcome to the best. Duke Ferdinand Mont Ponsier, cousin of the King of Spain, and son of Louis Phillip d'Orleans, Pretender to the throne of France, is announced as a visitor to British Columbia. It is stated that he is to be the guest of some English nobleman and taken on a big game hunt. If success attends the party British Columbia and its sporting possibilities should and will receive a fine advertisement.

——

The Tourist Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway has received the following gratifying information from Mr. Bryan Williams, Chief Game Wardon of the Province of British Columbia, in reply to the Department's inquiry as to the damage or otherwise sustained by the game, owing to the disastrous fire, in and around Fernie. Mr. Williams reports that his deputy wardens in the East Kootenay, after careful enquiries do not consider that the fire has affected the game district at all, all the damage being confined to the railroad buildings. There have been other fires since these reports came in which may have done some damage, but it is not likely as the worst was over before the dates of the reports. This is indeed good news, as the district in which it was feared the damage had been done, is probably the best hunting ground in Southern British Columbia especially for the man who is not afraid of hard work, and can climb.

——

Mr. C.G. Hobson of Sherbrooke, Que., and friend have just completed what they consider a most interesting and exciting canoe trip. They started from Lake Megantic and travelled down the Chaudier River as far as Beauce, a distance of about seventy-five miles. The river being pretty rapid, part of the trip was exciting enough to suit the most exacting and only time prevented them from continuing the journey to Quebec. This is the celebrated river that the American General Arnold had so much trouble in negotiating on his famous march into Canada from Cambridge to Quebec in 1775. Duck, deer and partridges were found to be very plentiful on the route. This trip should be of interest to others. The same gentlemen will next year undertake a trip from the headwaters of the St. John River, proceeding the whole length of the same down to Fredericton. We hope to be able to secure an account for our readers when it comes off.

——

The members of the Soo branch of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association have the courage of their convictions. They found the month of September not too hot for them to hold a regular meeting and voice their grievances. They determined to ask the department for information showing the amount of whitefish and salmon trout shipped from the fishing stations of Michipecoten and Gargantua during August, the allegation being that in the whole course of that month not a single

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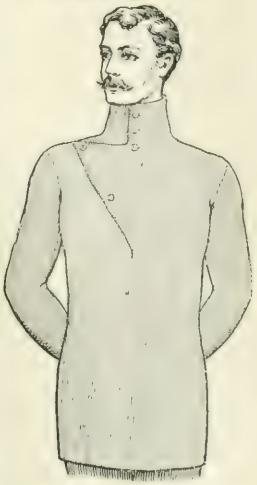

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whitefish was on sale in the Soo. Illegal gill nets used by the Americans and illegal fishing for speckled trout by tourists formed the basis of other strong resolutions. The Government were also asked to instal a competent patrol in the vicinity of Luzard Islands, where illegal fishing was stated to have been carried on in the fall of last year. They further requested the Government to place a bounty on pike and suckers as they destroy the spawn of brook trout.

Carleton Place made a splendid beginning in establishing a branch of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association at a meeting held there on August twenty-first, the first membership roll numbering no less than seventy names Mr. Neil McDonald was elected hon. secretary and as the notice given of the meeting was a short one it was confidently expected this list will be much increased. The people expressed themselves as heartily in favor of fish and game protection and were pleased to hear particulars of the Association and its work. Mr. McDonald adds : "Most of our members are enthusiastic, especially the youuger men. Even the fact of our organizing has helped to put a check on both illegal shooting and fishing." The following is a full list of the officials : Hon. President, William Pattie ; First Vice President, C. McIntosh ; Second Vice, R. A. Galbraith : Third Vice, J. W. Patterson ; President, J.E. Bennett ; Treasurer, W. J. Muirhead ; Secretary, Neil McDonald.

To those who have only a short time to spend in British Columbia and would like to put in a few days' shooting, we can commend St. Mary's River near Cranbrook as a good hunting country. The reports on caribou in particular, are excellent this year. This district is practically on the C. P R. line and it should appeal strongly to those who cannot afford the time to penetrate the wilder and more inaccessible regions of British Columbia.

SHOT

A little thought given to the matter when ordering Shot may save you a lot of inconvenience later on.

It pays to use a brand that has a reputation behind it. "M.R.M." Shot has stood the test for over 30 years and to-day has a larger sale than all other makes combined.

Specify "M.R.M." when ordering. This trade mark on every bag.

TRADE M·R·M CO. MARK

THE MONTREAL ROLLING MILLS CO.

To Enjoy Your Tea or Coffee

while hunting this fall be sure and take a supply of

CANADA FIRST

Evaporated Cream

unsweetened

or

Condensed Milk

sweetened

with you. SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Aylmer Condensed Milk Co.,Ltd

AYLMER, ONT.

A good deal of comment has been heard lately with respect to the steps taken by the Ontario Govertment for restocking the Northern Ontario Lakes. The present method is to seine the bass in Long Point Bay, Lake Erie and ship them in tank cars to be set free in northern waters. Mr. A. C. Pratt, M. P. P. who has been enquiring into this subject, with the fishermen of neighbouring ports, thinks that the system should be abandoned and a new one tried. According to Mr. Pratt, fish taken from the warm waters of Lake Erie where they know just where to get food, to the colder waters of the north, where they do not know just where to find it, have no great chances of life. The fishermen of Woodstock, a considerable number of whom do their fishing at Long Point, are also in arms against the present system which they allege is steadily depleting the fishery. The best system, of course, and the one to which the Government must come sooner or later or abandon the work, is a fish hatchery, the work of which should be used for replenishing the supplies in the Great Lakes as well as the inland lakes of the north.

A very unpleasant experience on the part of a lady lost in the forest is reported from the Muskoka district of Ontario. Mrs. Arthur Moore, of Falkenburg, got mixed in the trails when out walking on a Sunday morning near her home. She wandered about all day believing she must find the right trail but when darkness came on she realized that she was really lost and did the best thing under the circumstances—made a bed of ferns and went to sleep. The weary wanderings were resumed all next day and once again the night had to be passed in the forest. It was not till Tuesday afternoon she reached a clearing. Dazed with hunger and fatigue she could scarcely reach the house where she received the kindest of treatment. In the meantime a hue and cry had been raised and the woods thoroughly searched by rescue parties. The whole country side was alive with searchers, and Mrs. Spencer, who acted as Mrs. Moore's rescuer, had heard of the lost one and was thus prepared to act promptly and efficiently

when Mrs. Moore appeared. Medical assistance was procured, and with care and attention Mrs. Moore was enabled in the course of a day or two to relate and even comment with humour, upon her adventures. The second night she was out she was awakened by some animal sniffling around her, probably a fox. Without doubt the worst consequences were averted by the fact that Mrs. Moore took her adventures so sensibly and refrained from night wanderings. She thus husbanded her strength for the day light when rescue was most probable.

Two new bird reserves have been formed in the state of Oregon embracing upper and lower Klamath Lakes and the Malheur and Harney Lakes. These lakes have abounded with unusual varieties of birds including the egret, and hunters are said to have made as much as $500 per day capturing them. These birds have now almost entirely disappeared but it is hoped protection has not come too late. Steam launches for the wardens will be placed upon the lakes and for a time even visitors will not be allowed upon the reserves without a permit. Our neighbors neglected this work long enough but they are now endeavoring to make up for lost time and their example should prove an incentive to similar work on the Canadian side of the border.

The Perth branch of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association are succeeding in having the law energetically enforced in their neighbourhood. They have obtained a salary for their warden and consequently feel that they can expect some real service from him. Within the last few months three convictions have been obtained for illegal spearing, two for breaking into muskrat houses, two for catching and selling bass out of season, one for illegal duck shooting, and several others. As a result the incorrigables have begun to think that it "will pay better to be good." The Perth branch having got right down to work are again demonstrating the value of practise as against mere profession.

TAKE

BOVRIL

In Your Hunting Kit

BOVRIL gives staying power

All the prizes of the chase fall to the man with the greatest staying power—the power to push the game to the finish.

BOVRIL builds up a large reserve of strength, which enables the body to respond to the dictates of the will when great effort is required. It is found in the kits of the foremost sportsmen all over the globe.

BOVRIL provides most tasty and nourishing meals in a very short time and with a minimun amount of trouble. It greatly improves Canned Meats, Pork and Beans, Fish, Soup, etc.

BOVRIL contains all the valuable strengthening qualities of beef in a concentrated and highly palatable form.

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27 St. Peter St., Montreal.

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UNDERWEAR
MADE ENTIRELY FROM THE WOOL OF AUSTRALIAN MERINO SHEEP

SPORTSMEN WEAR IT

Because of the complete comfort and satisfaction it gives.

Because "Ceetee" Underclothing is made from fully combed and thoroughly scoured imported yarns (spun from Australian wool)—thus removing all the short fibres and foreign particles that cause that irritating and tickling sensation so frequent in ordinary underwear. Only the long, soft, full length fibres, which give greatest strength and elasticity to the garment, with the lightest possible weight are used. Made of wool, and silk and wool.

We manufacture it in all styles for men, women and children and want you to ask your dealer to show you "Ceetee" underclothing. It is fully guaranteed by us.

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT
LIMITED
GALT, ONT.
Established 1859.

1188

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
CEETEE
PURE WOOL

The fishing in the Georgian Bay district during the season of 1908 was exceptionally good; reports coming in from fishermen and tourists that the sport was all that could be desired. In the vicinity of Minnicoganashene the Odd Fellows Fishing Club of Youngstown, Ohio, had their camp and the followiug is an abstract from a letter to the Grand Trunk Railway System from the Secretary of the Club :—

"I wish to say the fishing on the Georgian Bay proper hereabouts has been much better than for several years past and as a sample of one of the lakes near Flat Rock Falls on the lower Muskoka will describe the results of a fishing party of nine yesterday and Monday last when they caught 139 Black Bass, but five short of their legal limit, hardly any of which ran under one and a half pounds and included many three and four pounders, the largest being four and a half pounds and nineteen and a half inches long. The longest of twenty inches and four and a quarter lbs in weight. My fish on the second day being as follows:—

Length	18 in.	19½	15½	15½	18	19¼	19	18
Girth	11¾	16	9¾	10½	13	15	13¾	12½
Weight	3 lbs.	1 oz.	4½lbs.	2 lbs. 3½ oz.	2 lbs. 7 oz.		3 lbs. 8 oz.	
		4 lbs.	3 oz.	3 lbs. 15 oz.	3 lbs. 3 oz.			
Total Weight		29 lbs.	5½ oz.					

The total weight of fish was over 300 pounds and filled two bran sacks besides two big strings each of which would be enough for a man to carry.

A correspondent writes from Sweetsburg, Que.: Within the past week or two numererous deer have been seen around this town and also three or four bears within a couple of miles, the latter probably driven out by the bush fires which are pretty bad just now. Deer are frequent visitors to this locality and from present indications the season promises well.

We have many times said in our columns that we believe every true sportsman should be his own Taxidermist. By knowing this art the hunter, trapper and angler not only saves a great deal in the way of Taxidermy bills, but is able to preserve many beautiful and wonderful trophies which he otherwise would lose. It is a great thing for the sportsman to be able to mount or preserve the beautiful birds, animals or game birds properly. During the past few years, great interest has been taken in the art, and it is now conceded that sportsmen should know Taxidermy in order to get all the pleasure there is in shooting, fishing etc. More than seven years ago, there was organized in Omaha, Nebraska, an institution for teaching this art by correspondence. This was the Northwestern School of Taxidermy, and they have met with wonderful success. Starting in a small way, they have grown each year, until they now number among their students and customers thousands of leading sportsmen throughout the United States and Canada. They have continued to improve their lessons and courses until they now have a set of instructions that makes it not only possible but easy for anyone to learn Taxidermy by the latest and best methods. We have never heard anything but words of praise for their course, and we believe that it is to the interest of every sportsman who enjoys outdoor life to get in touch with these people, for they have something of real worth and value for every sportsmen. Write them for their new catalog and full particulars about their school which they will send free. See their advertisements on pages 581 and 586.

NORTH WESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY.

Dog owners and dog lovers form such an important portion of the community that anything affecting their interests is a matter of general concern. Increased attention, with most satisfactory results has been given of late years to veterinary medicine, and consequently knowledge of the disease to which dogs are subject has much advanced. Better and more sensible treatment of dogs should follow and even owners who only keep one animal may with advantage devote attention to the study of the latest means for properly treating their favourites and maintaining them in health. For this purpose a little booklet by Mr. H. Glover V. S. of New York entitled "Diseases of the Dog and How to Feed" may be heartily recommended. The work may be obtained from the author at 1978 Broadway, New York, and will be found both interesting and useful. Information embodying the latest results of veterinary study regarding the dog is given, from the puppy stage to mature life, a list of the various ills to which dog flesh is peculiarly liable with their signs and remedies, all in such plain language that owners may themselves distinguish the symptons and apply the remedy. A wider extension of the information contained in this excellent little work should result in much benefit to the dog population—the most faithful friends man ever had.

FURS HERMAN REEL, Milwaukee, Wis. FREE
Send address of two fur trappers and we will send you free a mink stretching pattern. Write for price list of raw furs and fur coats.

The Department of the Interior have recently issued a new map showing the proposed extensions to the Provinces of Quebec, Ontario, and Manitoba which constitute such important changes as compel us to revise our ideas upon Canadian geography. In addition to the new boundary lines, which are given great prominence, tables of the railway mileage in operation and construction with the railway mileage by Provinces and tables of distances add much to the value of the map.

———

Re-stocking our covers with game birds is a matter receiving constant attention throughout Canada and it is a policy which is bound to grow extensively. Local attempts have been reported from several parts of the country and more than one success recorded. A firm doing valuable work of this character throughout the States, and desirous of extending similar benefits through every part of Canada is Messrs. Wenz & Mackensen, Naturalists, of Yardley, Pa. This firm breed and import game and game animals on an extensive scale and have gained experience in this work which is at the service of those wishing to carry on further experiments. The firm hold that there is absolutely no question of the Hungarian partridges, of which they make a specialty, doing well in the more settled and cultivated districts of the Dominion. These splendid game birds have been successfully introduced into California, Michigan, Nebraska, Connecticut, Washington, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana and Massachussets. The letter from the Californian Game Commission describing the success of the experiments contains the following : I want to say a good word however, for the partridges. We have positive evidence from five or six counties in which they were liberated, that young coveys have been seen. In Mendocine, I saw nests, one of which contained thirteen eggs, three weeks ago. The birds are all you have claimed for them, hardy, strong, absolutely non-migratory and seem to adapt themselves to our conditions very rapidly.

"We have distributed them over a wide range of country, some six hundred miles representing the lower valley lands and also the small mountain valleys (5,000 feet elevation) and young birds have been seen in each of these localities. Where the shells were left in the nests, there was not a single unfertilized egg, which is a splendid indication. We shall be glad indeed to receive our five hundred pairs this fall, as we feel we have found a bird that is going to be a decided acquisition to our state, furnishing not only a great deal of sport, but a most excellent food supply".

The Chief Game Warden of Illinois, in the course of his recommendation, says "I am satisfied that they are the coming game birds for this country." These partridges thrive nearly anywhere and are extremely hardy and prolific. There is certainly a great future before them in Canada.

———

The following appears in a recent issue of the "Packet," Orillia, Ont. under the heading of "Two Good Fish Stories" :— On Saturday, Mr. Horace M. Young, late manager of the Northern Electric Co., who is over from Buffalo spending his holidays, was fishing near Bay Park, with a light pole, without any reel. He had landed a couple of bass when a fair sized perch got on the line. He had lifted this bothersome catch a foot or two out of the water when a thirty pound 'lunge jumped out of the water and swallowed the perch at a gulp. Here was a situation such as you read about at a faraway point, or hear old fishermen tell of. However, Mr. Young proved equal to the occasion and played the big fish until Mr. Wm. Thompson's gasoline launch came along and gaffed it for him. Next day, it tipped the scale at twenty-nine pounds. If any of our contemporaries are offering prizes for authentic fish stories we beg to enter this one in the competition. Since the above was written, we have received the following almost identical story from Mr. B. F. Kean, dated at Spanish Station, Auugst 17th ;— I was fishing one day lately on a small lake near here and having real good luck. I hooked on to a good big rock bass and was pulling it in when a large pike made a run and took the rock bass half into his mouth and I landed the two fish. Both were caught on the hook. The pike would weigh about six pounds. How is that ?

RAW
SHIPMENTS SOLICITED
of your present stock.
BEAR US IN MIND
for your future collections.
Write for Price Lists to be mailed you regularly this season.

ESTABLISHED 1865
E. T. Carter & Co.
83-85 Front Street, East
TORONTO - CANADA
FURS

At the end of August a mass meeting was held at Yarmouth, N. S. on behalf of the Peope's Game and Fish Protective Association. Dr. E. S. Allen, the President of the Yarmouth branch of the Provincial Association was in the chair, and Mr. Roy S. Kelley, secretary of the branch as well as of the Provincial Association, gave a sketch of the origin and growth of the Association and urged all present to assist in the work. Mr. Douglas W. Clinch, St. John. Secretary of the New Brunswick Association told of what had been done in Maine and New Brunswick and pointed out that good results must follow similar work in Nova Scotia. Mr. A. Kelly Evans, Secretary of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Society gave an address in which he reviewed the whole question, emphasising the bearings of the same upon the future of Nova Scotia. In particular did he dwell upon the experiences of other Provinces and urged that like benefits to those gained elsewhere would accrue to Nova Scotia from a policy of conserving the great assets of the Province in forest, game and fish.

Bears must be plentiful in the neighbourhood of Bobcaygeon, Ont. if the experiences of Mr. Alex S. C. Thomas who hails from the neighbouring village of Omemee are typical. Mr. Thomas was returning home from Bobcaygeon one evening when he saw three bears sitting in the road. His home was halt a mile away and he badly wanted to get there. Bears in Ontario are nothing like so formidable as their grizzy relatives and as the horse did not appear frightened, Mr. Thomas "shoo-ed" them to one side of the road and passed on. The bears were an old one and two cubs. No doubt, owing to the good berry, season they were fat and lazy and sat up on their haunches without attempting anything further, as the vehicle passed them.

A correspondent asks why many of the black bass in the eastern rivers, notably the Octonabee, are wormy. This condition of things, so far as he knows, does not exist in the lake bass.

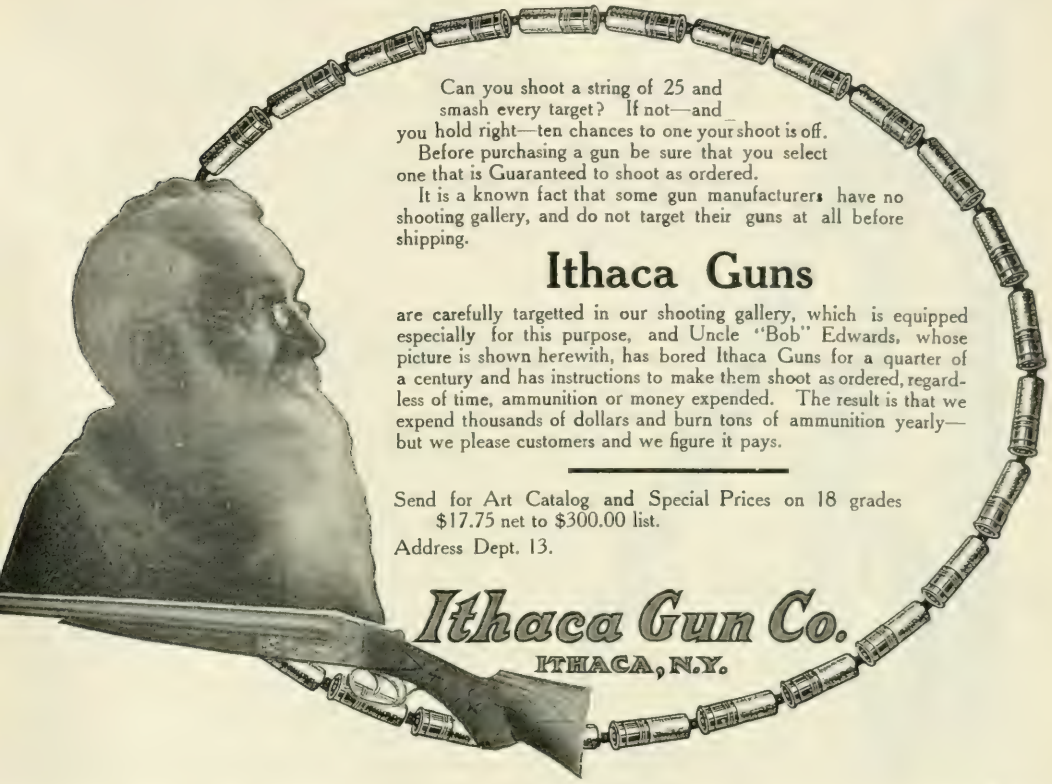
With the trapping season in front of them, the trappers of Canada, a numerous and growing body, are always on the lookout for the best market for their goods. The firm of Messrs. G. Gaudig & Blum, who have been established in New York for more than a quarter of a century, offer fine facilities for profitable disposal of raw furs. Their European house, with establishments in Leipzig, London, Paris and Berlin, transact a very large business on that continent and have taken up the American raw fur business with a view of getting goods at first hand. A large concern like this, with a high reputation for fair dealing to keep up, can be relied upon to do fairly by the individual trapper, as well as the shippers and small dealers. They promise a fair assortment, the highest prices and prompt returns, going so far as to keep all shipments separate until the remittance is found satisfactory. A promise from a firm of this standing is as good as a guarantee and dependance may be placed upon their statements. The raw fur

business of Canada is a large one and Messrs. G. Gaudig & Blum, whose address is 34 East 12th St., New York, should secure a good proportion of the same. Their methods of business are such as to secure confidence and once trappers enter into dealings with them their connections are likely to prove lasting.

Bear hunters who have met with disappointing experiences, should try again under circumstances which guarantee them a "sure thing." The majority of sportsmen who go to British Columbia for bear time their visits for the fall. This is a mistake ; the spring is the time and the Manager of the Hotel Revelstoke, Revelstoke, B. C., says that if sportsmen will arrange their trips for the early part of the year and communicate with him he will give them such information as will make it fairly certain for one or two bears to fall to every hunter. The British Columbia bears are worth having and for those who can afford the time and the expense the trip with this fine promise thrown in should prove irresistable.

An address delivered by Mr. J. D. Tyrrell, Toronto, at the Ottawa meeting of the Canadian Mining Institute has been reprinted under the title of Minerals and Ores of Northern Canada. In this paper Mr. Tyrrell tells of the early history of mineral discovery in Canada and startles his readers with the statement that gold mining was one of the first, if not actually the first, industry started in Canada, the discovery being made by Martin Frobisher on the east side of Baffin Island, north of Hudson Strait, a quarter of a century before Samuel de Champlain first saw the St. Lawrence River. In most parts of Northern Canada, except in the Yukon territory, prospecting for gold is, according to Mr. Tyrrell, difficult and uncertain work. Silver is hard to locate but the presence of copper is much more easily recognised and particulars are given of several finds of this character. The other minerals include lead, iron, colbalt, nickel, antimony, bismuth, tin, tungsten, coal and mineral tar. "With regard to the possibility of living and making a home in northern Canada I wish to emphasise what I have already said in a paper written eleven years ago, that no part of that country is as cold and inhospitable as many inhabited parts of Siberia. While the mean summer temperature determines the limit of the forest and the possibility of the growth of the trees and cereals, the mean winter, or perhaps the mean January, temperature would probably determine the habitablity of the country for human beings. Inhabitants of the old world live and thrive in a much more vigorous climate than is found even in the coldest parts of northern Canada and therefore the climate does not offer any insufferable objection to settlement if minerals or ores are anywhere found in the paying quantities." In Mr. Tyrrell's opinion the conditions of life upon the Arctic circle in Canada are fairly easy. The conditions that make life hard for people are not nearly so bad in the very coldest parts of Canada as in many parts of Siberia. With regard to railways, a road could be built from Churchill to Athabaska Lake far more easily than in many parts of Ontario. The pamphlet will well bear carefull study on the part of all interested in the delvelopement of the Canadian northland.

Trappers in Canada, who are now planning their winter campaign, cannot fail to be interested in the story told by Mr. James P. Ellis, of 20 East 16th St., New York, who purchases raw furs. Mr. Ellis doubts if any firm now handling raw furs had a more modest beginning than his own. He was raised on a farm and as was only natural for him to do set out a few traps. While he does not care to mention what he caught he thoroughly enjoyed his tramp through the country on these trapping expeditions. He continued this trapping for a few years when one winter he made his first fur trade, purchasing a skunk skin for fifty cents and selling it for ninety-five—all the money the buyer had with him. Next winter he extended his purchases and shipped a few skins. For four years he continued in this course until he worked up a fine local trade, which he decided to increase, if possible, by advertising. Shipments were slow for a



couple of years but later on things came his way to such an extent that he had to seek larger quarters. He considered the matter from every point of view and finally decided upon New York. In such a centre he looked for an increase but did not expect that it would double during a time of financial stringency throughout the country. This however is just what did happen—and a little more. Furs are to Mr. Ellis a hobby and he personally assorts all shipments or sees to their correct assortment. In any case of dissatisfaction he alone takes the blame. All shippers and dealers will be welcome at his establishment and that whether they deal with him or not. The hub of the fur trade is New York and Mr. Ellis is always ready to talk furs. Trappers and shippers should get into communication with Mr. Ellis.

The sportsman who desires both fishing and shooting amid the finest scenic surroundings on the continent should try British Columbia. Trout, salmon, bear, sheep, goat and caribou are included in the splendid variety offered and the sportsman not satisfied with such a fare is no sportsman at all. Nelson is the centre from which trips to cover both fishing and shooting as described above can be made and if those desirous of trying their fortune will address a letter to Mr. George P. Wells, Hume Hotel, Nelson, B. C., particulars will be promptly forwarded to them.

By Order in Council the purchase or sale of snipe, quail, woodcock and partridge is prohibited in Ontario for a period of three years from September first, 1908. A previous Order merely prohibited the purchase of this game but the later one prohibits both purchase and sale.

Sportsmen are naturally particular about their outfits. They know from exper-

A Dependable Companion

Wherever you go or whenever you go, whether on business or pleasure, be sure to take along a Conklin Pen, and you'll always be ready for any writing emergency. You'll never be held up through lack of ink. When last drop is exhausted fill

CONKLIN'S
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again at nearest ink-well by simply dipping in pen and pressing Crescent-Filler. No bothersome dropper, no fuss, no muss, no cleaning up to do. Self-filling, self-cleaning. Won't scratch, blot, balk or skip. There is no other pen in the world like it.

Leading dealers handle the Conklin. If yours don't, order direct. Prices, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 to $15.00. Send for handsome new catalogue.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
315 Manhattan Bldg.
TOLEDO, OHIO . . . U. S. A.

ience how much depends upon seeing that each article is the best that can be procured. When outside the range of civilization it is not easy to find a substitute for anything defective which may have been allowed to be included and which may go far to destroy the comfort, if not the success, of the outing. Sportsmen need not fear anything untoward happening if they see that their outfit is selected from the goods manufactured by Messrs. A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited, of Toronto. This firm has special facilities for producing goods of the highest class. They purchase the raw material for cash, tan in their own tannery and carry through all the processes under their own roof till the complete article is ready for the user. In this way they are able, with confidence, to guarantee their goods and they pride themselves, and with reason, upon giving these same goods descriptions which really describe them. In cases where they place imitations on the market these are called imitations and not passed off as genuine. In this way confidence is established between the firm and those who use their goods and both gain from such a policy. Gloves, mitts, moccasins, leather coats, sheepskin lined coats, mackinaw coats, vests, fur coats and robes, leather and cloth caps, shirts, sweaters, jerseys and sox are some of the many productions of this firm and all of them can well be included in summer or winter outfit of those who are not happy long out of the woods. Particular attention having been paid to the manufacture of each article absolute reliance can be placed upon it, and comfort falls to those who are outfitted with Clarke goods.

FREE!

An Unbreakable Rod

For particulars write premium department, Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada, Woodstock, Ontario.

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

A Fine Canadian Showing

It is doubtful if any concern making a display of its product at the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto experienced greater gratification over the result than the Canada Cycle & Motor Company. This company's display of $50,000 worth of 1909 Russell automobiles is said to be the largest showing of motor cars ever made in Canada by one firm. Ordinary automobile selling of next season's models would have hardly begun at such a time, but once the Russell exhibit opened sales were very brisk. Among them were the following:—Imperial Bank of Canada, 30 h. p. model H touring car ; W. Brooks, Vancouver, 24 h. p. touring car ; A. E. Rea & Co., Toronto, 24 h. p. delivery car ; Geo. D. Heyd, Brantford, 24 horse power touring car ; Hon. C. W. Robinson, Moncton, N. B., 24 h. p. touring car. The company has sold to Mr. J. C. Eaton, head of the T. Eaton Company, a 1909 50 h. p. Russell Tourabout. Mr. Eaton has the distinction of being the first man in this country to own an automobile and holds Ontario license No 1. He is an acknowledged authority on the subject, has followed the developement of automobiles closely, and is known to invariably drive the best car on the market. His selection of a Russell for 1909 is very significant ; it is evident that this Canadian-built car is now considered by the most experienced motorist to be equal if not superior, to the best foreign makes. Advance information received by cablegram from New Zealand gives news of the great Invercargill automobile race meet and announces Russell cars as the winners of first, second, third and fourth places. This event attracts world-wide attention, as it is participated in by automobiles, from every country—crack cars from America, England, France, Italy and elsewhere competing for the three highly-coveted prizes. The first of these, a handsome silver cup, was captured by a Russell, driven by E. M. McKay. In the Invercargill race, handicaps are arranged according to power and wheel size. The Russell was heavily handicapped, but succeeded in leading all other makes. This achievement of the well know product of the Canada Cycle & Motor Company, Limited, against many foreign competitors, will be a matter of great satisfaction to all Canadian motorists.

A Record Run.

The record from Kalamzoo to Jackson, (Michigan) is held by the Jackson car, driven by Scheifler, with Messrs. Washington, Lockwood and Edmunds, as passenger last spring, when the roads were in very bad condition. The distance is

sixty miles and the time was two hours and fifteen minutes, the best time previously having been 2 28. In the past there have been many efforts made to cut the record, but the Jackson time of 2.15 still holds good. This time was made under these conditions :—four passengers and baggage in a touring car. It is notorious that this piece of road, which parallels the Michigan Central tracks the

greater part of the way, is one of the worst in the country and tourists who are wise avoid it as far as possible. The goods roads movement is growing fast in Michigan, however, and it is only a question of time when one of the best thoroughfares in the country for motorists will follow the general course of the Michigan Central railroad from Detroit to Lake Michigan.

Ford Branch Managers' Meeting

Detroit saw a busy week recently at the Ford plant, the occasion being the Branch Managers' Convention. Once a year the managers gather from all over the world in Detroit to discuss the year's business and next year's plans. Attending were :—H. B. White, Paris ; B. M. Thornton, London ; R. M. Lockwood, New York City-Foreign Dept. ; F. R. Fox, Toronto ; G.M. McGregor, Walkerville ; C. E. Fay Boston ; Gaston Plantiff, New York City ; L. C. Block, Philadelphia ; E. R. Stearns, Buffalo ; M. D. Coate, Cleveland ; H. Cunningham, Detroit ; T. Hay, Chicago ; W. C. Anderson, St. Louis ; Chas. Hendy, Denver ; C. C. Meade, Kansas City ; R. P. Rice, Seattle. The reports show 1908 to have been unusally prosperous, the total business coming exceedingly close to that of a year ago, so close as to hardly appreciate, while three thousand more cars could have been sold if delivery could have been secured. Each branch manager reports the return to normal of conditions in his territory and is enthusiastic about the prospects for 1909. On Tuesday evening the Office Contingent bowled the Branch Managers, winning by a narrow margin. Wednesday was occupied with a tour of inspection of the old factory and the new million dollar plant, being erected at Highland Park where five hundred cars a day can be manufactured. Wednesday noon lunch was served in a tent on the grounds to the managers and factory managers and foremen and the new Model T Touring car assembled and explained to all attending. 15,000 of these cars were allotted at this meeting. Thursday saw the winding up with a luncheon at the Detroit BoatClub, a trip round Lake St. Clair in John Dodge's steam yacht Hornet and a banquet at the Country Club. In honor of the new car this spread was termed a Model Tea and the table was one large T, the program printed in the colors of the car and die cut to the shape of the same. No meeting of the Ford Motor Company was ever more enthusiastically carried on amid glorious predictions for the new season

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A Severe Test

The Premier Century car completed its new world's reliability record of one hundred centuries, covering 12,189 miles with an average of 121.9 miles per day for 100 consecutive days, at Chicago on September 8th. Eighteen different states were covered in the long and strenuous tryout. Twice were the Alleghany and Blue Ridge Mountains crossed at their highest points via the 1907 and 1908 Glidden Tour. Among the other mountains crossed were the White, Green and Saddleback over the 1908 A. A. A. route. The three passengers besides driver J. W. Moore at the finish were David Beecroft, Berne Nadall and J. Blything. Being in perfect running condition the car was turned over to a technical committee, of which David Beecroft is chairman, who disembled and examined it thoroughly. The Premier Company immediately reassembled the car and entered it in one of the most strenuous reliabilily and endurance contests in the trans-Mississippi section. This is to demonstrate that this car is capable of exceeding the new world's reliability record recently completed. It is also planned to run the same car 200 miles per day in Illinois for five consecutive days prior to entering it in this endurance contest, the perfect running condition of the car justifying the attempt. Every devotee of high-grade, moderate-priced, American-built cars will be glad to learn of this brilliant record. It is a distinct triumph for American automobile engineering in successfully meeting the varied road and weather conditions involved in making a pleasant and continuous cross country trip of from twelve to thirteen thousand miles through eighteen different states without a serious delay or mishap to the car or passengers whatsoever.

Not Superstitious.

"Thirteen to one means nothing" said Mrs. Kenneth R. Ottis, of Cleveland, in discussing her second great road attempt for record. "I made my first great ride on the 13th, and I am simply looking for the date again to attack the Cleveland-Toledo record. I've no superstition in my make up and would sail in a boat on Friday, the 13th, and think nothing of it. I would start a record run on Friday the 13th, and never think of the day or the date. With a car that runs as sweetly as does my Stearns, I could overcome any superstition, and I certainly did overcome it when I made the Buffalo run." Mrs. Ottis plans a number of record runs this year, for she likes to drive fast and hard, and finds enjoyment in placing the figures from city to city just as low as possible.

Not a Racer but a Roadster Wanted

"Will the Olds be represented in the Vanderbilt this fall?" was asked of Andy Aubel, the famous driver of the perfect score Oldsmobile of the Glidden tour. "No, sir," Mr. Aubel replied. "The Vanderbilt is out of harmony with the Oldsmobile purpose. I believe in the Vanderbilt as a sport, a great sport, but it has no bearing whatever on the growth of the motoring industry. A cup racer is a freak car. It has to be a freak to make a showing. But who wants a cup racer for every day use? The cup racer is not representative of a product of the makers. It doesn't prove a thing, practically. The Glidden tour on the other hand, does. It is a practical tour of representative stock cars over representative American roads. There were so many perfect scores this year that you don't hear much of a holler about the 'supremacy' of any one make. It is significant, however, that the Oldsmobile, a $2,750 car should have come through with a perfect score, without any trouble whatever, while cars costing $5,000 and $6,000 were being penalized right and left. It sort of shows where the real 'money's worth' is in motor cars. That's what I mean when I say the Vanderbilt is out of harmony with our purpose. It's the Oldsmobile purpose to build cars that the average business man can afford

The Thermos Bottle

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HUNTERS' DELIGHT.

Hot refreshing drinks out in the cold and snow any time day or night. Always ready for use. For sale at all dealers, $3.50 up.

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Canadian Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd.
Hunting Dept., Montreal.

RAW FUR SHIPPERS

A College Education is O. K. in some respects but an education received from sorting those fine full furred skins called prime furs is of far more value to the fur dealer. The language some dealers use when sorting that measely early caught trash has never been used successfully in Sunday school. There's a reason. May I send you my price list, it's issued for trappers of prime furs. If you're in the game its free.

JAS. P. ELLIS,

Established 1899

20 E. 16 Street, New York

to buy and to own—cars that give the same results as those costing much more. Our slogan is 'Roadability' another name for which is 'Oldsmobility.' "

———

Looking After the Workers

At the factory of the Geo. N. Pierce Co. in Buffalo, the thousand or more workmen may leave their benches and machines and passing through a tunnel enter the office building and in an immense dining room on the top floor find seats for eight hundred people. A large kitchen and ample help has been provided and the men secure a splendid dinner for a nominal sum. They have availed themselves generally of the opportunity of a warm dinner and the makers are well pleased with the results. The officials of the company have a club room on the second floor of this spacious office building and in this they gather for their midday meal. The new office building is roomy and splendidly fitted up, containing in the basement the locker rooms for the workmen and washrooms. The offices on the second floor are light and beautifully arranged, and in addition to the offices this floor includes the club room, the reception room, a library and other rooms. The top floor is given over to the dining room for the workmen who dine in banquet-like splendor for a mere song.

———

Coachmen becoming Chaffeurs

"The steady progress being made by the automobile in supplanting the horse-drawe vehicle is clearly shown in the number of coachmen who are training to be chauffeurs. These men have seen hundreds of wealthy people dispose of their horses and carriages to establish exclusive automobile stables, and more recently, the livery stable owners replacing their horse-drawn vehicles with taximeter cabs", said W. B. Hulbert of the Garford Motor Car Co. of New York, in referring to the rapid advance of the motor cab. "We build and operate hundreds of Garfield motor cabs and the number of coachmen who come to us for a chance to master the mysteries of the motor car is astonishing. The chaffeur of the modern automobile does not need to be an experienced machinist to keep his car in running order, and consequently the coachman is no longer handicapped in that respect when he seeks to become a chaffeur."

———

A National Highway

"It is only a matter of years until it will be possible to motor from New York to Los Angles with comfort and convenience" said Mr. C. M. Hamilton, of the Isotta Import Co. of New York, who has entered an Isotta car in the Double Transcontinental race from New York to San Francisco. There was a time not so very far distant, when the prediction of a railroad from coast to coast was considered ridiculous. A man who would have told of electric lines fifty miles in length would have been considered crazy. But they have come and the transcontinental road for motor cars will come, too. It is a tremendous undertaking and must come by natural development. Most of the work will have to be

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NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY, Dept. 10, OMAHA, NEBRASKA

done by the States. For each State to construct its share of the highway would not be such a difficult task. There will be the natural obstacles to be overcome, such as the rivers, mountains and deserts, but they are not impossible problems, and if the trip can be made now in fifteen days it should not be such a gigantic task to overcome these obstacles. With such a road, what a delight touring would be." I really expect to see the day when the annual A. A. A. tour will be from coast to coast, and it is not so far off when you consider next year the tour goes to Denver. Such a highway will come in Canada as well some day.

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Royalties Using a Musical Horn

Members of the royal family in every European country have taken to an American invention, the Gabriel horn, and the King of England, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Spain, the Czar of Russia, and many more have four to fourteen of these horns fitted to their cars. In fact, all of the rulers of Europe use the Gabriel, as a matter of actual record, and the demand from across the water has kept the Cleveland factory busy.

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Vanadium Steel is Finding its Own

"While I've not much use for the man who goes around reiterating "I told you so" remarked Henry Ford, commenting on the new Davis torpedo, recent developements in the manufacturing of submarine explosives almost tempts me to remind folks that we have been hammering on the superiority of this same steel for over two years. Lieut. Commander Davis, of the U. S. Navy, has, according to newspaper reports, recently invented a torpedo which gives promise of being the most important of recent years to naval warfare. Heretofore tubes to contain the torpedo holding sufficient explosive had to be so heavy that their use was impractical, but by substituting Vanadium steel for chrome nickel, Lieut. Davis claims to have reduced the necessary weight from 1000 pounds to 40 pounds, and he gives the credit of his invention as much to Vanadium as to Davis. Vanadium has really wonderful properties. It is the only element known to science which will increase the tensile strength, elasticity and dynamic qualities of high grade steel without destroying the possibilities of machining. A bar ½" in diameter has greater strength than a 1" bar of the finest special steel heretofore known. Three years ago Vanadium steel was comparatively unknown except as a scientific fact. Then discoveries of big mines in South America made its commercial use practicable. But a little Vanadium goes a long way, the exact quantity for each operation is unknown—too much Vanadium destroys the steel value—too little is not enough, and the manufacturer who wanted to use Vanadium must needs do his own figuring—work out his own analyses. That is why Davis worked eighteen months adapting Vanadium steel to his torpedo—that is why the Ford Motor Company have spent two and a half years experimenting. We use Vanadium steel throughout the entire construction of the new Ford car—axles, springs, gears, brackets and all, and each part is made from steel from our own secret analyses. And so wonderful is this Vanadium steel that I would almost risk running the car head-on into a locomotive and expect the locomotive to get the worst of it. By the way, I am informed that armor plate may soon be made out of Vanadium steel; locomotives builders are already experimenting, and half the automobile manufacturers in the country have hopes, so perhaps I'm justified in whispering, "I told you so."

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From Spotless Town

Beloit, Wisconsin, has become known up and down the entire country as "Spotless Town" and this reputation is due to executive ability and factory management of the Warner Instrument Co., who are located in that city. Here is the way one enthusiastic travelling man put it after going through the Warner factory: "In the Superintendent's room the factory cleaning tools, hung upon the wall in neat lines, were as numerous, as diverse and as handsome as the tools of a carpenter or a chauffeur. There were floor brushes wall brushes, picture brushes—all sizes and shapes. There were rakes and scrapers for corners. There were polishing instruments of every kind—for glass, for metal, for floors, for furniture. There were sponges, chamois skins, soaps and powders of all descriptions". "It is a complete set of cleaning tools, isn't it?" said the Superintendent. It should be complete. I have scoured the United States to procure them and some came ftom Holland which is the mother of cleanliness. Broek, a town in Holland, is the pride of the country, and it was from a visit there I got my ideas. Broek is the cleanest place in the world. When you enter its gates they give you a pair of new straw sandals, yellow as gold, to put on, so that you will not track up the snowy streets. In the bright sunshine you seem to be walking in a town made of sugar candy. The tree trunks are painted yellow, the garden fences are a bright blue, the tables and chairs before the little Inns are as white as though carved out of snow. Enter a Broek stable. The walls are scarlet, the mangers are green, the floors are yellow. The cows' tails are fastened to a ring in the ceiling, so that they may not soil or be soiled".

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Only a limited number to be distributed.

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SPORTS AFLOAT

A section devoted to those who brave wind and wave.

Edited by

LOU. E. MARSH

The Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club to give challenges

There is a fine outlook for the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club for the coming year. Two new challengers are to be built and the Club will make an effort to bring to Canada the Seawanhaka cup, at present held by the Rochester Yacht Club. There is no doubt the Club will send in a challenge and all Canadian yachtsmen will watch with sympathy and interest the future developements of a struggle which should become historic. This announcement was made at a dinner held in the early part of September and aroused the greatest enthusiasm amongst the members present. Among those present were:

Commodore R.C. Smith-Vice-Commodore S. Arnold Finlay, ex-Coms. Hon. Mr. Justice Davidson, Peers Davidson and C. H. Ronth, U. S. Consul General Bradly, Messrs Stewart, Logan, Fromlings, A. F. Mithell. Hough, A. Rives Hall, McLea, Walbank, Hacket, Harold Sims, Ross Sims, H. D. Bayne, John Knight, Killykelly, Allen Dunlop, Royal Ewing, Maurice Burke, G. W. Farrell, George Lighthall, H. C. Stevenson, M. Beckett, Hosmer, Robt. Howard, Milroy, Cecil Gordon, Cecil Tyre, C. J. Saxe, Fleet, Ward, Jack Armuor, Walter Ramesy, W. Marler, jr., Jas. Brand, George Bryce, Vachelle Koelle, Col. Hamilton Soloman Spielman and Frank Sills.

Capt. Shea Honored

A pleasing affair took place at the Don Rowing Club's Boathouse when Eddie Shea, the Don's popular captain was made the recipient of a handsome diamond ring. Vice-President James Delaney, in making the presentation, referred to the excellent showing the Club had made during the past season, and spoke very highly of the indefatigable efforts of Capt. Shea to make this a banner year for the Dons. Mr. Shea in reply thanked them for their kindness and promised them as good a showing next year.

Result of the R. C. Y. C. Cruising Race

The R.C. Y. C. cruising race from Toronto to Olcott in the early part of September, resulted in a victory for Strathcona, with Vreda second and Zahra third. For the first twenty miles the yachts kept on fairly even terms when Strathcona obtained a good lead and maintained it to the finish. In the second division Crusader won from Eleanor. The latter had all the best of it in the early part of the race but in the run to Olcott Crusader gained steadily until the first place was taken, and kept to the end.

Another Ottawa Regatta

Ottawa Rowing Club held another Regatta on Labor Day and it proved such a success that already talk is heard of making it an annual affair. There were entries from Brittania, New Edinburgh and best of all from Toronto which added much to the general interest taken in the races. The feature of the day was the win by Ottawa in the final eight oared race, the Argonauts of Toronto, giving the crew a fine race before they achieved the victory.

In the first heat of the eight oared race Ottawa met the Brittanias and won only by a final spurt which enabled the former to obtain a length ahead and get into the final. Lachine faced the Argonauts in the second heat and were defeated by three lengths, the Toronto crew having the best of the contest throughout. The final furnished the most exciting incident of the day. The supporters of Ottawa scarcely dared hope for success and when their champions won after a keenly contested event their enthusasim knew no bounds,

It is only fair to say that the Toronto crew like good sportsmen, joined in hearty congratulations to their opponents upon their success. The success was all the more grateful because of its difficulty and the fact that the Toronto men did not give up easily, Ottawa only passing the judges a scant length in front.

The Argonauts captured the 140lb race winning their heat and the final in good style, while the New Edingburghs won the war canoe race from the Brittanias. The heavy fours also fell to the Argonauts. The junior singles was taken by J.S. McDonald of the Ottawa Rowing Club.

The officials—Starter, W. J. Johnson; judges, R. W. Haycock O. R. C., M. Sparks, Brits; J. Booth, O. R. C., L.N. Bate, N.E.C.C., H. S. Southam, O.R.C.; timers, W. A. Cameron, Martin Rosenthal; clerks of course R. W. Nicholls, R. L. Haycock.

——

A Club Regatta

The Brittanias held a Club Regatta and scored a brilliant success. They made the meet more interesting by racing a number of green men some of whom had never been in a shell but two days previously. The result was an immense amount of fun though, contrary to expectation, only one race partook of anything like a runaway character, the new men making quite creditable fights for positions. The Club fours indeed established a new record, going over the course in 3.03. In the evening the prizes were presented and congratulations upon a most excellent year's work were the order of the day.

——

A Win for Hamilton

Everyone was delighted when Hamilton won the fours in the inter-club race in connection with the Regatta held under the auspices of the Hamilton Rowing Club early in September. The Club has had many difficulties to encounter and but for the determined perseverance of the officials would have succumbed long ago. Now that a Hamilton Club crew has beaten the Argonauts, the Dons and the St. Catharines it is felt that the hardest work is over and that the club may confidently expect wider support next year. The defeated crews joined in congratulations and though they worked their hardest to win it was plainly evident that they were pleased a crisis in the affairs of their Hamilton bretheren promised to end so happily. The Club members likewise made a good showing in turning out six four oared crews to contest for supremacy. Three heats and a final produced some good races, the final going to Mr. Hogg's crew which made the excellent time for the run and a turn of 6.43.

The officials of the day were: R. McKay, Toronto referee; Capt. Wilson Toronto, Judge; Joseph Wright, Torono, starter D. M. Cameron, Hamilton, timer; D. M. Cameron, T. N. Meade, J W. McAllister, B. O. Hooper, N. J. Boyl, Capt. P. E. Hogg, committee.

——

A Fine Showing

The Royal Hamilton Yacht Club, closed a successful season in the middle of September. The occasion was marked by a dinner and presentation of prizes. An incident that should go home to every boating man's heart was to be found in the speech of President R. T. Steele, of the Hamilton Rowing Club, who dwelt at length on the cleanliness of acquatic sports which to his mind enabled them to give the greatest of athletic enjoyment. May it long so remain! The prize list though lengthy is worth giving and possibly may lead to others which if they do not surpass may at least equal a really fine showing:

Yachting—

Commodore's trophy, 16 foot dingheys—W. F. Judd, first; R. W. Simpson, second; Bruce Harvey, third.

Winners of cups and cup flags—

Monck—Invader, J. H. Fearnside.

Lucas cup and Jarvis anchor—Petrel, S. Mellon.

Marguerite—Brenda, James Leckie.

Malloch—Sheila, Rear Commodore Vila.

White Wings—Sheila, Rear - Commodore Vila.

Greening—Sheila, Rear - Commodore Vila.

Winners of best averages and flags—

Class A—Petrol, S. Mellon.

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Class B—Sheila, Rear-Commodore Vila.

Yawls, Cynthia, Steward McPhie.

16-foot dingheys, Surge V., W.F. Judd

Motor Boats, Bonita, C. A. Birge; E. C. B., S.S. Beatty; Puff Puff, G.B. Birely.

Lawn Bowling. Vice-Commodore, trophy, singles, W. P. Thompson, first; J. A. Laird, second; R. M. Moncur, third.

Times trophy, F.W. Gayfer, first; F.B. Hubert, second R. A. Milne, third; R. C. Ripley, fourth.

Championship doubles, E.J. Fenwick, H. M. Sweeney, winners; Chas. Adam, Seneca Jones, runners up.

The Weir Fisherman's Union picnic, held at St. George, N. B. was a success in every way. Quite a number of people from the surrounding towns, including Black Bay, Beaver Harbor and Letote, attended. One of the principle features of the picnic was a motor boat race. This was easily won by Mr. H. R. Lawrence, mayor of St George, whose boat was equipped with a Fairbanks-Morse five-horse power engine. Mr. Lawrence's boat showed so much speed in the four and five-horse power class that it was necessary to call the free for all classes races off on account of those entering refusing to compete. The running, jumping, tub races and other athletic events were very keenly contested. A large number of Fairbank-Morse Marine Engines have been sold from the St. John branch of the Canadian Fairbanks Company, Ltd. this year. The extreme simplicity and accessability are features which seem to be greatly appreciated by motor boat enthusiasts. The one carbureter control for any number of cylinders greatly simplifies the handling of the engines and the 1908 Fairbanks-Morse models are meeting with great favor everywhere.

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Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada

THE TRAP

Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting Association. All communications should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap" Kingsville, Ont.

Stray Pellets

Death has been busy in the trap shooting ranks this year and more than one family of a prominent Canadian trap shooter has been bereaved. We regret to have to announce another sad incident of this kind, in the death on September 14th, at Leamingtob, Ont., of the wife of Forest H. Conover for many years the popular representative of the Dupont Powder Co. Mrs. Conover was very highly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance and her death is a sad blow to the bereaved husband and family. The Canadian Indians, of which Mr. Conover was the first High Chief, sent a beautiful wreath as a token of their deep sympathy. We join with Mr. Conover's many trap shooting friends in tendering sincere condolences.

* * *

One of Canada's foremost shooters and all-round sportsmen, Thomas Upton, was tendered the honor of re-election to the presidency of the Hamilton Gun Club, at the annual meeting of theClub. The election took place at the Royal Hotel, the attendance being unusually large. Judging from the reports of the various officials and committees the prospect for a good year, not only in the Hamilton Club, but in all Canada, is unusually bright. The treasurer's financial statement showed the club to be in an exceptionally prosperous condition, with a handsome balance on the right side of the ledger. The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows: Thomas Upton, president; W. P. Thomson, vice president; W. R. Davies, treasurer; John J. Lawler, secretary; Capt. E. V. Spencer, official referee; Edgar Sturt, field captain; James Crooks, Dr. J. Overholt and John Hunter, Executive Committee; J. E. Merriman and W. P. Thomson, auditors. It was announced that John Lennox an Klein & Binkley would present trophies to the club to be put up for competition at club shoots.

* * *

G. B SMITH.

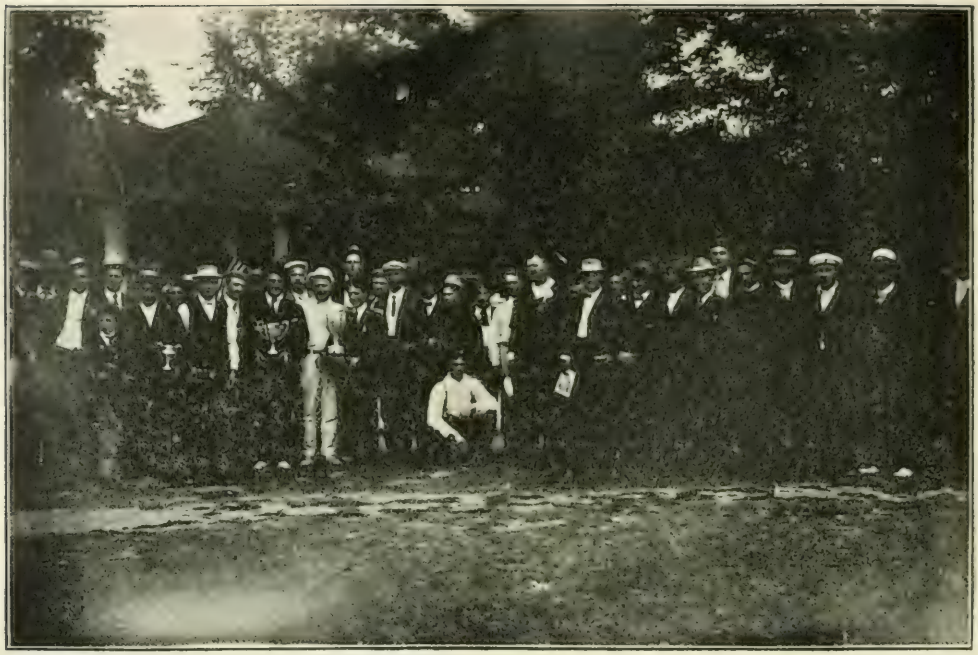
Mr. G. B. Smith, Ayton, Ont., has been doing some remarkable shooting this season. In a series of inter-club team matches he broke 39 out of 50 at Ayton from 16 yards and 24 out of 25 from 16 yards at Clifford, Ont., a total of 97.4 per cent. In practice he broke 145 out of 150 or 96.66 per cent from 18 yards. With a game load of No. 6 shot he broke 92 out of 96 from 21 yards or 95.75 per cent. A grand total of 361 out of 349 or 96.4 per cent. Shooting was at regulation targets. Mr. Smith used a 3¼—1¼, No. 7 load, with his favorite S. S. powder in a 3 in. Winchester Leader shell, wads ½ inch nitro felt, 12 g., ½ B.E. 11 g. and ½ inch. B felt 10 g. He used an Ithaca, No. 6 grade, and gives the gun and load credit for his good work, owing to the fine pattern made. Business would not allow Mr. Smith to attend any of the tournaments this year. If he had there would certainly have been something doing in G. B.'s vicinity. Watch his smoke next year.

GEO. M. DUNK, Toronto.

We publish this month a cut of Mr. George M. Dunk, Toronto, who in August last joined the ranks of professionals by entering the employ of the Dominion Cartridge Co., Montreal. Mr. Dunk is one of the best known of Canadian shooters, and has been for years a prominent figure at the traps. He is a good business man and knows pretty nearly all there is worth knowing about the trap shooting game. He is very popular with the boys and is not only a good shot but a good "mixer." We know of no one better fitted than Mr. Dunk to inspire confidence in the Dominion loads and to demonstrate by his own work at the traps the excellence of Canadian ammunition.

* * *

The Queen's Royal Hotel at Niagara-on-the-Lake where the Canadian Indian tournament was held this year is one of the most delightful spots it is possible to imagine for the holding of such an affair. All the appointments in connection with this hotel are strictly first class and the name of "McGaw & Winnett", the popular proprietors, is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence in every detail. The hotel is famous as the meeting place for international tournaments in tennis, golf, bowling, etc. The grounds are delight-



CANADIAN INDIANS AT NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

fully situated on Lake Ontario and are well adapted for trap shooting. We hope to see an international trap shooting tournament, either in connection with the Canadian Indians or some other national shooting association, held there each year and we feel sure such an event would be very popular and well patronized.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the National Gun Club, Toronto, the following officers were elected: President, E. C. Coath; Vice President, John Turner; Fin.-sec., John Monkman; Cor.-Sec., W. R. Wood; Field Captain, F. Cockburn; Treasurer, F. Peacock; Executive Committee, C. B. Harrison, chairman· Wm. McKeand, J. Harrison, R. Waterworth, C. Mougend; delegates to league, Chas. Harrison and E. C. Coath.

* * *

A pleasant incident occurred at the Canadian Indians' tournament, when "Sunny Jim" Elliott (Chief Brook Trout of the American Indians) was presented with a beautiful watch fob by some of his Toronto friends. The fob is of solid gold and of a unique and tasteful design. A wreath of maple leaves surrounds a five-pointed star, the star being surmounted two Winchester shotguns crossed. The centre of the star is a clay pigeon, with the familiar yellow rim, which encircles a diamond. On a small blue enamel ribbon are the words: "Toronto, 1908." On the back of the fob is the following inscription: "Presented to J. A. R. Elliott as a token of esteem by his Toronto friends—Thomas A. Duff, Geo. W. McGill, E. J. Marsh, Geo. J. Mason, Jr.; Geo. L. Vivian, G. M. Dunk, P. Wakefield.

Over one hundred marksmen, many of them with a national reputation, attended the thirty-fourth annual shooting festival of the Zettler Rifle Club held at Union Hill, N.J., on Labor Day. The first, second and third prizes in each event were won by shooters using Stevens rifles and telescopes, a record of which the makers may well feel proud and the moral of which is very plain.

Canadian Indians Tournament

The third annual tournament of the Canadian Indians at Niagara-on-the-Lake was not as largely attended as previous meets, but was nevertheless, a very enjoyable and successful gathering. The shoot was held on the grounds of the Queen's Royal Hotel. The traps were installed near the edge of Lake Ontario, on a rolling piece of ground, where there was ample room for as many sets as could possibly be required. The grounds were simply ideal for a shooting tournament, the best that one could find anywhere, and it was the general opinion among those present that the annual Indian tournament might well be made a fixture at this delightful spot.

The weather was fine during the whole tournament and favorable for good scores.

The program consisted of ten 20-bird events each day or 400 targets in all. Harry E. Smith, Columbus, O., won the Remington pump gun given for high average the first day with a score of 186 out of 200. Dr. Culver, Port Jervis, N.Y., was next with 184 and won the cup presented by T. M. Craig for second high average. George Beattie, the Dan Patch of Canadian trapdom, was not far behind and tied for third place with C. D. Henline and E. E. Hilliker, scoring 182. In the shoot off for the cup given by Mr. J. D. Bailey of Toronto, for third average, Hilliker scored a straight 25 and Henline and Beattie 24 each. Of the professionals, J. M. Hawkins of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. and Luther J. Squier, of the Dupont Powder Co., tied for first place with 188. A. H. Durston of Lefever Arms Co. and H. H. Stevens of the U.M.C. Co. tied for second place with 182 each.

On the second day E. E. Hilliker of East Aurora, N.Y., won first place with 189 and thereby annexed the silver cup presented by Geo. W. McGill, High Chief of the Tribe, Lon Fisher, Hebron, Ohio, and Dr. Culver, tied for second place with 182 and in the shoot off Fisher scored 23 out of 25, and Culver 22. Fisher therefore got the cup presented by W. H. Ewing, Montreal, and Dr. Culver got the

A TORONTO BUNCH AT THE CANADIAN INDIANS TOURNAMENT.
Sitting (on left) G. W. McGill, High Chief; (on right) Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe and Chief of Wampum.

Sheffield plate given by H. D. Kirkover of Buffalo, N. Y.

For the tournament, E. E. Hilliker was high amateur with a total of 371, Dr. Culver was next with 366 and H. E. Smith was third with 364.

The Toronto Cup given by the Canadian Indians for highest aggregate made by a Canadian amateur was won by George Beattie, of Hamilton, with 360. Another Hamiltonian, W. P. Thomson, captured the trophy given by the American Indians with the splendid score of 48 out of 50. This event was shot for in strings of 25 each day. Mr. Thomson, otherwise "Chief Iron Face" made 23 the first day. He had to break 25 to win and 24 to tie on the second day, as Walter Ewing had already scored 47. He preferred to make the 25 and did it.

The T. D. McGaw Cup, presented by Mr. T. G. McGaw, of Messrs. McGaw and Winnett, the popular proprietors of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, for the longest continuous run, was won by Edward Cox, Buffalo, N.Y., with 64 straight.

The Canadian Indians were generous in the matter of high average prizes, giving ten prizes of $20 each and ten prizes of $10 each, in all, $300, to the twenty high guns.

The office was in charge of Luther J. Squier of the Dupont Co., Geo. R. Ginn of the Winchester Arms Co., and H. H. Stevens of the U.M.C. Co. and it goes without saying that this important end of the business was carefully attended to.

At the annual meeting of the Tribe held on the evening of the first day, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: High Chief, George W. McGill, Toronto; Vice-Chief, Dr. C. O. Beam, St. Catharines, Ont.; High Scribe and Chief of Wampum, Thomas A. Duff, Toronto; Council of Chiefs, G. L. Vivian, Toronto; W. H. Ewing, Montreal; C. G. Thompson, Sherbrooke, Que.; W. P. Thomson, Hamilton; E. J. Marsh, Toronto; D. McMackon, Highgate, Ont.. E. G. White, Ottawa.

A proposal to have a joint meeting with the American Indians annually was discussed and met with general approval by the meeting. It was also proposed to hold the annual meeting of the Tribe at Niagara-on-the-Lake, as a fixture.

The trade representatives present were Messrs. J.A.R. Elliott, J. Mowell Hawkins, J. H. Cameron and G. R. Ginn of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Tom A. Marshall, H. H. Stevens and Court Thomson of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; Edward Banks, Luther J. Squier and Ed. G. White of the Du Pont Powder Co.; A. H. Durston of the Lefever Arms Co. and Geo. M. Dunk of the Dominion Cartridge Co.

The scores were as follows:—

FIRST DAY

All shot from 18 yard mark.											
*J.A.R. Elliott	18	19	20	18	20	18	16	15	16	18	178
W. H. Ewing	17	17	19	19	18	19	17	17	17	17	177
George Beattie	19	18	18	15	18	20	20	18	19	17	182
C. G. Thompson	13	13	12	18	15	15	8	16	14	16	140
*G. M. Dunk	20	17	17	17	15	15	17	16	18	15	167
*H. H. Stevens	20	17	16	17	19	19	18	20	19	17	182
*E. G. White	19	18	15	18	15	15	15	16	17	17	165
*A. H. Durston	20	17	19	17	18	19	17	17	19	19	182
*J. M. Hawkins	20	20	17	18	18	20	18	20	17	20	188
*L. J. Squier	18	20	18	20	19	20	17	19	19	18	188
G. W. McGill	16	14	16	17	16	16	16	13	15	18	157

T. A. Duff	15	13	12	13	16	14	14	13	13	12	135
E. J. Marsh	18	17	16	17	18	19	12	15	15	15	162
Phil. Wakefield	16	18	16	18	15	15	15	17	18	16	164
G. J. Mason	10	14	14	16	11	16	13	16	13	10	133
E. E. Hilliker	16	20	18	19	18	20	20	17	16	18	182
Dr. D. L. Culver	18	20	18	19	20	20	17	17	18	17	184
*T. A. Marshall	18	14	17	17	19	18	16	19	19	16	173
C. D. Henline	19	16	20	20	20	18	15	18	19	17	182
H. E. Smith	15	18	20	19	20	19	19	20	18	18	186
F. A. Parker	18	15	18	18	15	18	15	18	18	16	169
Geo. L. Vivian	19	17	18	16	19	18	17	17	17	20	178
T. D. McGaw	14	15	15	15	15	13	14	8			109
Lou Fisher	17	19	14	17	16	17	16	18	20	16	170
W. M. Morrison	16	17	14	14	8	8	11				88
Edw. Cox	18	20	18	16	18	19	17	18	17	18	179
J. L. Talcott	16	18	18	18	18	17	18	16	18	17	174
H. G. Mesinger	15	12	16	16	17	16	16	15	16	14	153
A. Keily	18	16	18	16	13	14	15	16	14	14	154
Phil. Bernhard	14	16	15	16	17	19	15	19	14	16	161
T. W. Barnes	15	15	14	13	11	20	13	16	13	18	148
W. R. Davies	19	14	17	19	14	12	17	18	13	15	158
P. Friend	11	11	15	12	7	11	13	7	10	10	107
S. A. White	20	17	18	19	18	19	13	16	18	20	178
J. S. Beck	15	14	11	15	13	14	10	14	12	12	130
H. E. Hawkins	13	19	12	18	15	13	14	16	17	16	153
Tom Upton	17	16	17	18	16	20	17	17	19	18	175
Dr. Hilker	15	16	14	18	12	17	15	16	14	14	151
H. Dynes	16	16	13	16	12	16	13	8	5	15	130
W. P. Thomson	16	17	18	18	18	19	16	11	20	20	173
D. McMackon	17	15	17	18	15	17	17	15	13	16	160
F. Galbraith	19	17	16	19	18	18	15	17	17	19	175
D. Konkle	14	13	14	14	8	10					73
T. Pastorius					15	18	17	16	16	17	99
Sherlock										10	10

*Professionals.

SECOND DAY.

All Shot from 18 yards. No. targets —	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	200
*J. A. R. Elliott	18	19	20	20	20	18	19	20	20	19	193
W. H. Ewing	16	20	17	17	15	17	18	16	17	17	170
George Beattie	19	17	18	19	17	20	18	16	17	17	178
G. L. Vivian	19	18	17	17	19	20	19	19	17	16	181
*G. M. Dunk	18	18	16	18	17	18	17	17	17	17	173
*H. H. Stevens	20	15	19	19	17	19	20	14	19	20	182
*E. G. White	18	17	17	19	19	19	18	14	18	18	177
*A. H. Durston	19	19	15	20	19	20	17	19	19	16	183
*J. M. Hawkins	19	20	20	18	20	19	20	19	19	19	193
*L. J. Squier	20	20	17	16	15	20	19	18	19	18	182
G. W. McGill	18	19	16	17	16	16	18	18	18	19	175
T. A. Duff	18	13	14	11	14	15	17	16	12	15	145
E. J. Marsh	17	18	13	16	15	14	16	15	11	15	150
P. Wakefield	17	17	17	18	15	15	14	19	15	18	165
G. J. Mason	15	12	16	13	16	14	15	12	15	13	141
E. E. Hilliker	20	18	20	18	19	20	18	18	19	19	189
Dr. D. L. Culver	19	17	18	19	18	16	19	17	20	19	182
*T. A. Marshall	19	18	19	20	19	20	18	18	16	19	186
C. D. Henline	18	18	17	20	19	18	14	18	17	18	177
H. E. Smith	18	18	17	17	18	18	19	18	18	17	178
Edw. Cox	18	19	15	17	19	16	19	20	20	16	179
J. L. Talcott	18	18	17	19	16	14	13	17	15	18	165
H. Mesinger	17	16	19	12	17	17	15	16	15	13	157
A. E. Keily	16	15	16	16	15	13	14	19	17	14	155
P. Bernhard	18	16	15	16	18	15	20	16	12	18	164
T. W. Barnes	12	19	14	17	17	18	15	16	16	17	161
Dr. Bailey	20	17	17	15	16	15	19	17	17	16	169
D. McMackon	17	19	15	20	20	19	16	16	17	16	175
Lon Fisher	20	17	19	20	17	20	16	18	18	17	182
F. Galbraith	16	18	13	18	18	17	16	15	18	18	167
F. A. Parker	19	17	12	19	19	17	14	15	17	18	167
T. D. McGaw	15	17	13	14	18	12	16	13	17	18	153
W. R. Davies	15	16	17	15	19	15	17	17	16	12	159
Edw. Banks	18	15	20	18	19	20	17	17	17	16	177
T. Pastorious	14	19	16	15	13	13	16	17	14	18	155
H. E. Hawkins	15	15	19	17	17	16	17	18	15	15	164
Tom Upton	17	17	20	18	18	19	14	17	13	14	167
Dr. Hilker	13	13	13	13	14	16	15	15	12	15	139
H. Dynes	15	15	14	16	12	11	14	11	14	17	139
W. P. Thomson	18	16	17	13	19	16	14	16	19	17	165
C. D. TenEyck	12	17	14	11	12						66
P. Friend						8	8				16
J. E. Cantelon								8	16		24

AMERICAN INDIANS CUP.

	25	25	50
W. H. Ewing	22	25	47
G. M. Dunk	22	23	45
E. G. White	21	17	38
G. W. McGill	21	24	45
T. A. Duff	17	19	36
E. J. Marsh	17	19	36
P. Wakefield	20	19	39
F. A. Parker	19	20	39
G. L. Vivian	21	23	44
H. E. Hawkins	18	18	36
T. Upton	21	20	41
H. Dynes	12	17	29
W. P. Thomson	23	25	48
D. McMackon	20	20	40

Notes by King Pin

On Saturday quite a number of the contestants engaged in golf and tennis, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Chief King Pin is quite a golf player. He won about half a dozen games, but when he and Chief Sign Maker bucked up as partners against Chief Bunco and Chief White Hair they met their Waterloo.

One of the archives of the Queen's Royal Hotel is a page cut out of the register and suitably framed. This is dated October 12, 1901, and bears the names and signatures of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and the entire Royal staff who accompanied them to Canada. Another page has been torn out of the register and will be sent to the picture framer. It is dated September 11, 1908, and bears the signature, "Mr. Edward Banks, Wilmington, Del."

High Chief McGill makes an ideal presiding officer. His welcome to the American Indians was heartily applauded.

There was a job put up upon Chief King Pin at Columbus, but it failed to materialize as he was unavoidably absent. However it came off with great effect on Thursday morning, when Chief Long Talk pinned upon his sweater a medal made out of the whole hide of a Texas steer bearing the words, "U.M.C. Special Medal, G.A.H., 1908, Columbus, O. Won by Tom Duff." Tom wore it during the whole shoot. It was all he won, too.

Dr. Culver was the first name on the penalty board. He wrote a letter to his wife and put four cents in American stamps upon it.

J. Mowell Hawkins wrote to Seneca Lewis and did the same thing. He explained that he could not help it as he had only six cents and no one would trust him.

The Canadian representative of the du Pont Powder Company makes a fairly good caddie. His only fault is an inclination to talk back too much.

Ed. G. White was the recipient of many congratulations. It's a girl.

Where were the Quebec boys? Not one of them turned up. The Tercentenary must have been too much for them.

The golf clubhouse verandah was decorated with a Canadian and an American flag entwined, while the headquarters of the Stanley Gun Club was similarly decorated. There were also a goodly number of Indian pictures on the walls.

Mr. George M. Dunk, the representative of the Dominion Cartridge Company, was doing some tall hustling for his firm. George is all right and will make good.

Tom A. Marshall was, as usual, the entertainer. He got on the penalty board once for talking too much to the ladies and neglecting business.

Hurrah for the joint shoot in 1909! Let it be a bumper.

Inter-Club Shoot at Stratford

The final contest for a silver cup presented by the Pastime Gun Club of Stratford for competition by London, Ingersoll and Stratford, took place at Ingersoll on Sept. 10. The original intention was to hold a five-man team shoot of 25 birds per man in each town, high average of the three contests to decide the winners. The first meeting was at Stratford, Aug. 19., when it was arranged to meet at Ingersoll Aug. 25. Owing to the inability of London to be present on that date it was decided to shoot the remaining 50 birds at Ingersoll, as stated above. The result of the contest gave the cup to Stratford, as well as medals for each man of the winning team. The scores which follow show that Stratford's average was 88.3, London's 83.3 and Ingersoll's 84.05, indicating that the shooting throughout was of a very high order.

The teams of London and Ingersoll were the same throughout the contest, but owing to the inability of Mr. Miller to go to Ingersoll, Ald. Savage, Stratford's spare man, took his place.

Stratford shoot—25 birds:

London—Glover 22, Day 23, Simcox 18, Parker 21, Blackburn 18. Total 102.

Stratford—Turnbull 24, Miller 21, Fisher 20, Boles 22, Aitcheson 22. Total 109.

Ingersoll—Staples 21, Harris 19, Partlo 23, Kirbyson 23, Nichols 18. Total 104.

Ingersoll Shoot—50 birds—

London—Glover 48, Day 45, Simcox 34, Parker 42, Blackburn 41. Total 210.

Stratford—Turnbull 50, Fisher 48, Boles 46, Aitcheson 45, Savage 33. Total 222.

Ingersoll—Staples 47, Harris 42, Partlo 43, Kirbyson 43, Nichols 39. Total 214.

A contest for the Steveley cup between London and Ingersoll was shot off concurrently, the latter winning.

Blind River Tournament

On Labor Day the Blind River Trap and Gun Club, with visiting teams from Soo, Cutler and Espanola held a tournament on their grounds. The various events were closely contested. No large scores were made as a heavy wind was blowing all afternoon greatly affecting the shooting ability of the various nimrods. Espanola captured first prize for team honors, but they had a hard run for it. Blind River was leading until the last round by several points. In the individual shooting Blind River showed up well, Driscoll winning

second prize with a score of eighty. Kelly was fourth high man of those competing with a score of 72. The following are the scores.

Winners of $100 cup presented by D. J. Carroll, Agent of Sun Life Insurance Co.

Teams of five men, 100 birds per man:

Espanola—Millington 76, Gray 58, Hussey 70, McGraw 68, Plaunt 68. Total 340.

Winners of $30 cup presented by the Blind River Trap and Gun Club.

Blind River—Wallace 68, Hempstead 53, Kelly 72, Driscoll 80, Montgomery 64. Total 337.

Driscoll winner second individual prize.

Soo, Ont.—Goodwin 61, Kitchen 67, Geo. Ellis 85, Simpkins 55, Robt Ellis 44. Total 312.

George Ellis winner first individual prize.

Robert Ellis winner booby prize.

Cutler—Gignac 67, McEwan 61, Galarno 63, Turgeon 58, Fortin 49. Total 298.

Blind River No 2—Eddy 44, Wallace 53, Johnson 54, Stover 50, Brathwaite 53. Total 254.

World Event for "Parker" Gun—50 birds per man—Millington 33, Gray 28, Plaunt 34, McGraw 28, Simpkins 22, Goodwin (winner) 37, Ellis 35, Wallace 28, Richardson 12, Gignac 31, Kelly 31, Hempstead 28, McEwan 35, Kitchen 25, Stover 24, Driscoll 30, Montgomery 21, Hussey 30, Wallace 30.

A Friendly Shoot at Clifford

A friendly shoot at blue rocks took place at Clifford, Ayton and Walkerton furnishing visiting teams. The gathering was quite a success, 25 birds being shot at and Ayton won by eleven birds over Clifford and 39 over Walkerton, while Clifford beat Walkerton by 28 birds. The following are the scores. 25 birds per man:

Ayton—P. G. Doersam 14, J. Johnston 13, Fred Smith 21, Con Baetz 22, G. B. Smith 24, Ed. Korster 13, Val Glebe 15, Wm. Huether 20, J. Werner 17, Fred Schause 15. Total 174.

Clifford—Dr. Perdue 21, J. Beachie 19, C. Willets 13, Eckinswiller 15, J. Taylor 20, Strode 10, Tom Johnston 15, L. Werner 19, J. Werner 14, Hilhauser 17. Total 163.

Walkerton—John Smith 16, J. White 17, Dr. Lount 11, L. Klein 17, B. Russel 7, O. Steinmiller 13, G. B. Miller 19, John Hartman 19, C. Smith 7, Fred Lippert 10. Total 135.

G. B. Smith high average, Con Baetz second average, Fred Smith and Dr. Perdue 3rd average.

Brampton Beats Balmy Beach.

On September 5th the Balmy Beach Gun Club of Toronto invaded Brampton with a team of six men to engage in a friendly match. The Brampton men were too many for them, however, and won by six birds. The following were the scores at 25 targets:

Brampton—White 24, Beck 23, Wilson 22, Shreve 17, Henry 15, Fletcher R 13. Total 114.

Balmy Beach—Chapman 23, Joselin 22, Knox 19, Taylor 15, W. Fletcher 15, DeGere 14. Total 108.

After the match three 10-bird sweeps were shot. Two miss-and-out events were also run off. White won both, the first on 4 straight and the second on 20 straight. The total scores were as follows:—

	25	10	10	10	S.A.	Bke
White	24	9	9	9	55	51
Beck	23	9	7	7	55	46
Knox	19	8	8	10	55	45
Chapman	23	9	6	7	55	45
Joselin	22	8	6	7	55	43
R. Fletcher	13	9	9	10	55	41
Wilson	22	9	9		45	40
Taylor	15	8	6	6	55	35
Henry	15	5	5	8	55	33
DeGere	14	6	3	7	55	30
W. Fletcher	15		8	5	45	28
Shreve	17		10		35	27

Jordan Fruit Shoot

The Winchester Gun Club held their second annual fruit shoot at Jordan, Ont. Shooters were present from all the clubs in this district also from Toronto and Hamilton. The weather conditions were not ideal for good shooting because of the dark day and the stiff east wind, which blew into the faces of the shooters. The arrangements made by the local club for the entertainment of the visiting shooters were excellent, and the fruit which was on display to be given away to the lucky winners was the finest that is produced in the famous Jordan fruit belt. All the visiting shooters were loud in their praise of the treatment which they received while the guests of the Jordan boys. Following is a list of contestants, number of baskets of fruit won by each and their respective scores:—

Name.	Bsks.	S.A.	Bke.
Beam, St. Catharines	4	120	[illegible]
Killmer, St. Catharines	2	120	70
Choate, St. Catharines	6	120	95
Choate, St. Catharines			
Lampman, St. Catharines	3	120	87
R. Blank, St. Catharines	6	120	100
J. Blank, St. Catharines	4	120	82
Scott, St. Catharines	2	120	70
May, St. Catharines	2	40	29
Campbell, Thorold	2	60	30
Brady, Thorold	2	60	31
Howe, Port Dalhousie	1	40	21
Miles, Port Dalhousie	3	120	64
White, Port Dalhousie	3	120	87
Konkle, Beamsville	5	120	95
Fegan, Ridgeville	2	40	30
Dunk, Toronto	5	120	100
Marsh, Toronto	5	120	94
Raspberry, Hamilton	4	100	83
Hunsberry, Jordan	5	120	94
Fisher, Jordan	4	100	76
Cline, Jordan	3	80	60
Goold, Jordan	5	120	92
Price, Jordan	2	40	30
Honsberger, Jordan	4	120	91
Schnick, Jordan	1	40	28
Heckadon, Jordan	2	40	30
Martin, Jordan	1	20	16
Caskey, Jordan	1	20	17
Wismer, Jordan	1	20	15

At the Welsh Miniature Championship meeting recently held at St. Julian's, Newport, Wales, the shooters using Stevens rifles, scored great successes, securing sixty-five per cent. in the number of prizes and seventy per cent. in value. These included thirteen firsts, eight seconds and eleven thirds and ties in four firsts and two seconds. With such records it is easy to understand the wide popularity in England and throughout the British colonies, which the Stevens rifles enjoy.

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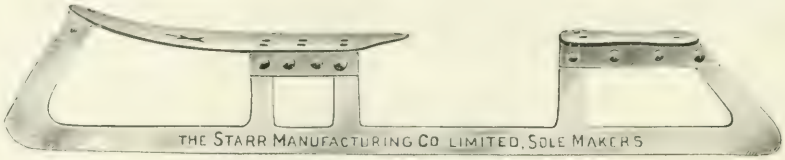

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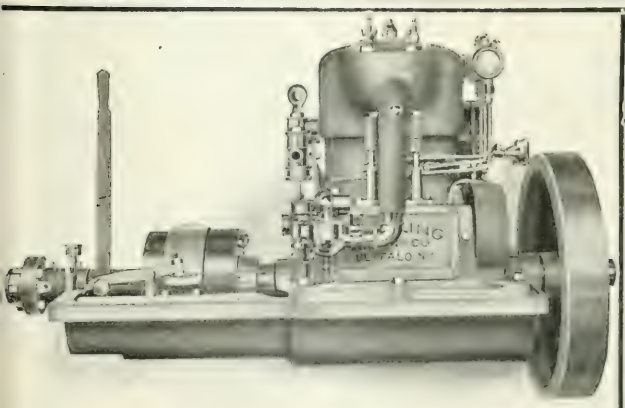

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Sterling Engine Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

Gentlemen:—The launch "Konocti" won the Pacific Coast championship at Sacramento at 26.09 miles per hour. Equipped with STERLING 6 cylinder 45-65. Have done better than 28 miles with boat.

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Merchants' Exchange,
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The Sterling Fisherman

12 H. P., Two Cylinder—Four Cycle.

An Endurance Engine built for heavy continuous service in working boats. Diameter of crank shaft 2½ in.—all other working parts correspondingly heavy. This engine was especially designed for the fisherman and may be relied upon under all conditions and in any weather.

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Member National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers.

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3 Shades of Heathers - $6.00

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Can be made in any color to order; get our catalogue—just out.

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If you want your outer clothes to fit well; if you want economy, wear

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REGISTERED & PATENTED

Combination Suits

They are elastic ribbed, they are made to wear, they are the acme of perfection in underwear.

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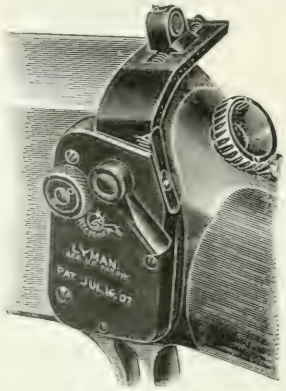
LYMAN RECEIVER SIGHT

Patented July 16, 1907



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The graduated scale on slide and method of elevating permit very close adjustment. Aperture is adjusted by means of a screw. Send for Catalogue.

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The real pleasure of skating can be fully realized with the new

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It's made with an aluminium alloy top and a nickle steel blade. The lightest and strongest combination yet introduced.

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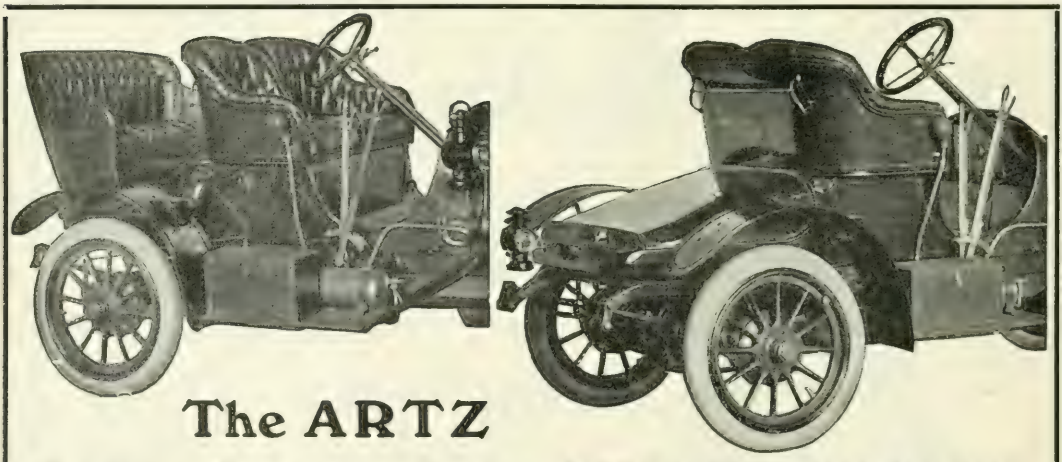

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Also made for Fords, Cadillacs, Buicks and many others.

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WERE RIGHTLY NAMED IN 1902

No. 4 Separable Double Porcelain Price Net, F.O.B. N.Y. $1.25

Double Porcelains do not break because inner heated Porcelain Tube and outer PorcelainCap have their own contraction and expansion. Single Porcelain Plugs are handicapped because contraction and expansion is not uniform and tube either breaks or leaks.

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regulates to your step and registers infallibly the exact distance. It is but 1½ inches in diameter, handsomely nickled and so simple and sturdy as to be almost indestructible.

10 MILE PEDOMETER $1.00
100 " " 1.50

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THE AMERICAN PEDOMETER CO.,
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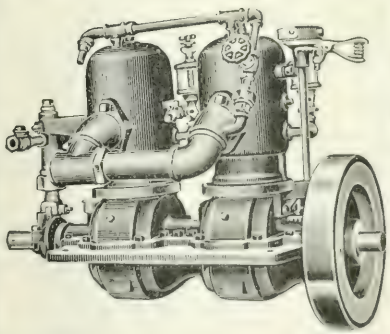

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OUR MAIN FEATURES.

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For Ten Subscriptions

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Clarke's Sheepskin-Lined COATS

with corduroy collar as per illustration.

Coat is made of seven ounce Brown Duck—full sheepskin lined; Kersey cloth lined sleeves, two pockets, knit wrists patent clasp fasteners.

Manufactured by
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for oiling trigger, lock, every action part. Does not dry out quickly like heavier oils, gum, harden or collect dust no matter how long gun stands. "3in One" cleans out the residue of burnt powder (black or smokeless) after shooting, leaving the barrel clean and shiny. It actually penetrates the pores of the metal, forming a delicate permanent protecting coat that is absolutely impervious to water or weather. No acid.

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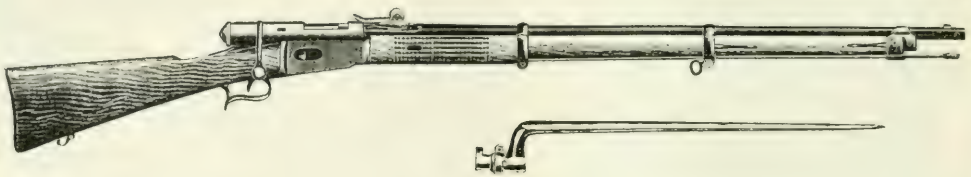
3 IN ONE

A $25.00 RIFLE for $5.00



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I have 200 Swiss Army Rifles, which I will sell to the first 200 applicants for $5.00 each.

It is a perfect repeating rifle, though not new, but I guarantee every rifle to be exactly as represented.

The magazine holds 12 cartridges, and one in the chamber, making 13 at the shooter's command. The cartridge is smokeless, large and powerful, and I have a big supply in stock. The rifle is the product of one of the best European arsenals. The action is the reliable and quick bolt type, used on all military rifles. The barrel is rifled and sighted for long ranges, and has convenient adjustable sights.

Do not delay. Send your order at once.

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References—Canadian Bank of Commerce, Woodstock, Ont.

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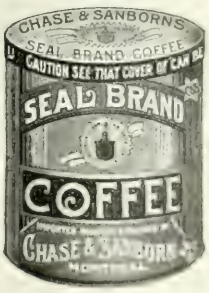

of camp life depend largely upon what there is to eat and drink.

Seal Brand Coffee

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NEW TRAILS

TO THE

Canadian Game Lands

CANADIAN NORTHERN

BEFORE the six railways of the Canadian Northern System followed the old fur trails into the Canadian game lands, only a hardy few dared to go in. But now, the back places of the woods—wealthy in moose, caribou, deer and bear—may be quickly and easily reached. The Canadian Northern System serves a wide range of undisturbed territories. Here are a few suggestions:—

The country between Parry Sound and Sudbury traversed by the ***Canadian Northern Ontario Railway*** is a land of lonely muskeg and brule, the native country of the white-tailed deer. From Sudbury north to Sellwood this same line goes in through a moose hunting territory unequalled in Ontario.

The Canadian Northern Quebec and Quebec and Lake St. John Railways span the native country of the ouananiche, northern brook trout, and the spruce shored lakes of the Roberval country, where the moose and caribou abound.

The eastern shore of Nova Scotia, from Yarmouth to Halifax, is served by the ***Halifax and South Western Railway.*** On the barrens, slightly inland from the railway, are some of the best places for big moose in the east.

The Inverness Railway skirts the coast of Cape Breton Island, serving an untamed territory rich with big game.

The Canadian Northern Railway, from Port Arthur to Edmonton, with many branches, griddles almost undisturbed haunts of moose, caribou, deer, wolves, bear and all species of four-footed and feathered game.

For information—general and special—address the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Railway, Toronto

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Keeps you dry, clean and comfortable in the heaviest driving storm.

Plenty of materials are SAID to be waterproof. RAINO has PROVEN so by the severest tests.

Raino garments are soft and pliable and will not stick, gum, rot or peel.

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- True rifling; uniform flat trajectory.
- Perfect balance—every shot.
- Direct Feed.
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- Slight recoil.
- "Safety" that locks both lever and mechanism.

20-inch round barrel. Six shots. Caliber: 25-35, 30-30 and 303.

Send postal for catalogue—you'll be glad you did.

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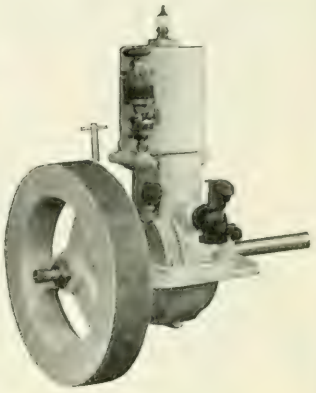
1, 2 and 3 Cylinders.
2 to 15 Horse Power.
Two or three ports or both.



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Bronze and Iron, Solid and Reversible.

None Better

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Breeze goods are money makers for active dealers and Breeze agents. Customers are thoroughly satisfied by the workings of each product, and they come back again and bring their friends. They all become enthusiastic. The dealer and Breeze agents are protected and satisfied by liberal treatment on the part of an up-to-date and warm-blooded manufacturing house, i.e., ourselves.

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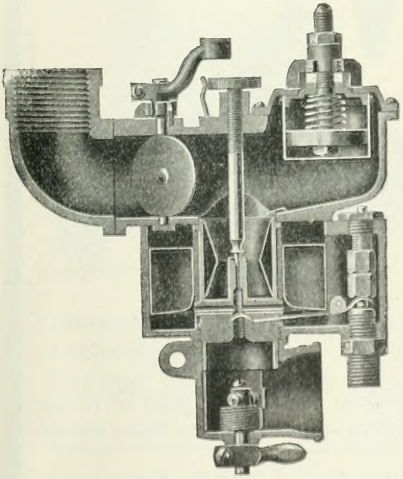
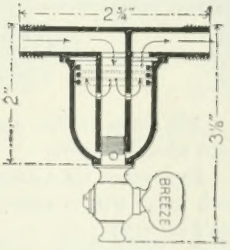
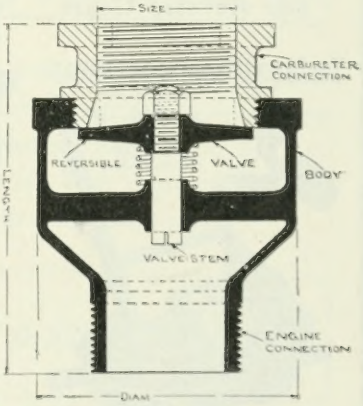
CARBURETERS for any motors, adjustable to all. Simple adjustments that stay put. Used on marine and automobile, motorcycle and stationary motors.



STRAINERS for use in the fuel line. Eliminates leaks by preventing dirt and water from entering the carbureter. Most important accessory; few realize its value.



CHECK VALVES for use on 2 cycle 2 port motors — double-faced valve—passes more gas than the pipe size accommodates. Motor therefore never lacks proper amount of fuel.



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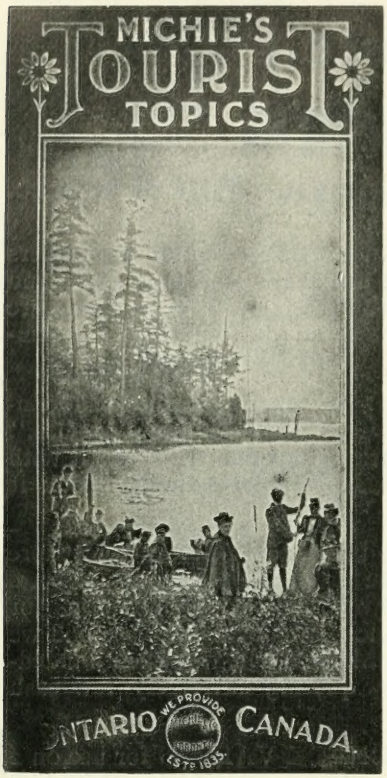
BREEZE CARBURETER CO.,

268 Halsey St., Newark, N.J., U.S.A.



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WRITE

Michie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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IT HELPS TO CHOOSE THE ROUTE and tells about the provisions required, and about the tent outfit, untensils and bait, as well as indicating how to secure other useful information.

WE ALSO HAVE MAPS, and specially prepared hand-drawn charts of canoe trips. Our booklet "Tourist Topics" (mailed free,) tells about some of them, others are made quite recently.

WRITE US. We cheerfully answer letters of enquiry.

We Outfit Camping Parties

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Established 1835.

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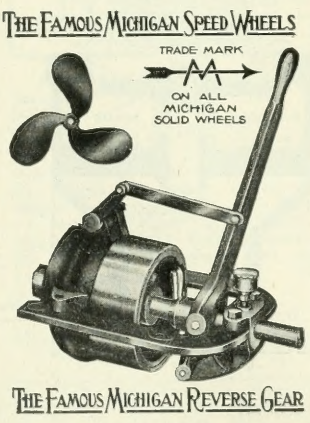
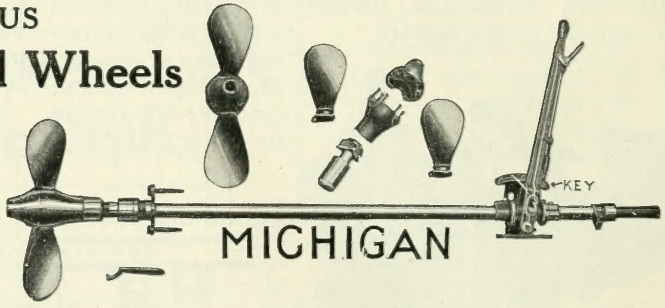
Michigan Speed Wheels

and Reverse Gears





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Everyone who owns a racer, pleasure boat or even a duck boat wants more speed. It saves time and adds to one's pleasure.

The Michigan reverse gear are largely used by many of the leading engine builders and are sold on their merits and guaranteed.

Send for 32 page catalog full of valuable information on propeller wheels and reverse gears.

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Canadian Distributors:
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SHELLS

Order By Name

There was a time when you could say, "Give me some quail loads or duck shells loaded with such and such powder."

Now-a-days, to get the old reliable shot shells, it is necessary to order them BY NAME—U. M. C. Arrow or Nitro Club Shells.

Loaded with any smokeless powder in any reliable combination by mechanically exact machines.

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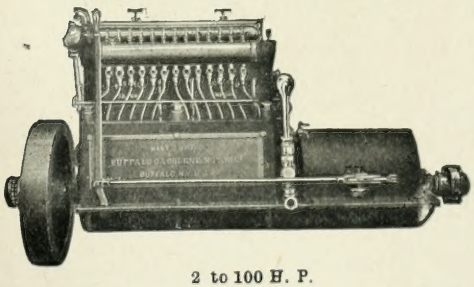

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Nothing Useless Put In
Nothing Useful Left Out

This accounts for our success. Buffalo Marine Motors are designed and built to give satisfaction *and do it.*

Write for 1908 catalogue and get posted as to new sizes and styles.

Our New Slow Speed Engine fills a long felt want.

BUFFALO GASOLINE MOTOR CO.

1218-30 Niagara St.

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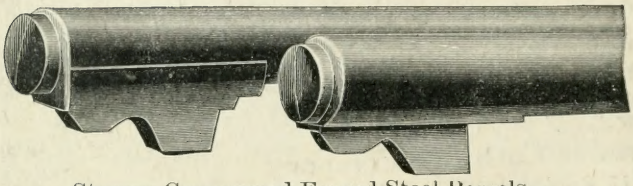
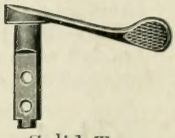
New Stevens Double Barrel Shotguns Fitted with Stevens Compressed Forged Steel Barrels Demi-Bloc System

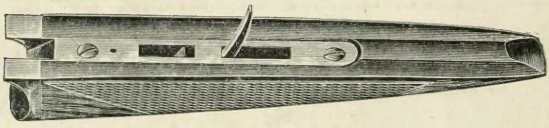
Note illustrations for clear exposition of principles governing the manufacture of new STEVENS DOUBLE GUNS



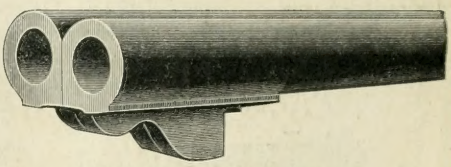
Stevens Compressed Forged Steel Barrels—
Demi-Bloc System



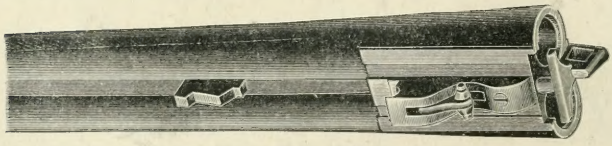
Solid Top
Snap



New Style Fore-end



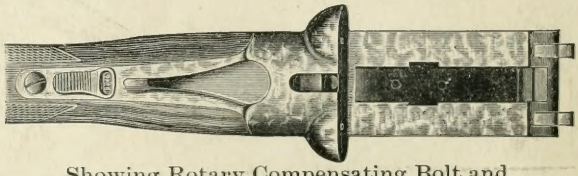
Barrels ready to braze



Showing Check Hook

Send 2c Stamp for new Shotgun catalog

Ask your dealer insist on Stevens Demi-Bloc Guns



Showing Rotary Compensating Bolt and
Check Hook Slot.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.

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